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THE APPALLING INUNDATION IN AMERICA.

Throughout Great Britain the profoundest commiseration has been aroused with our American kith and kin by the lamentable tidings of the terrible inundation in Pennsylvania, which is described on another page of our present Number. Ten thousand persons are computed to have lost their lives in the rushing waters, and in the deplorable fire that followed the appalling catastrophe. The episodes of this overwhelming calamity are infinitely pitiful. The story of the giving way of the dam which confined the lake at the head of Conemaugh Valley, with the sweeping away of whole towns and villages, filled everyone with compassion; and the measure of the heartfelt sympathy evoked throughout the kingdom was gauged by the instant offer of subscriptions to repair in some degree the ruin wrought, and to relieve the homeless survivors of this most painful of inundations.

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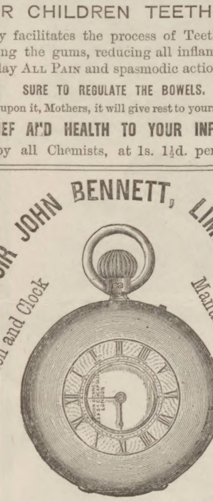

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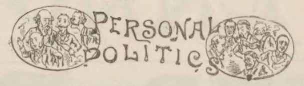
Under the Management of AUGUSTUS HARRIS.
For Particulars, see Daily Papers.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—TO-NIGHT, at EIGHT, the highly-successful DRAMA, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, entitled THE HARBOUR LIGHTS. Mr. William Terriss, &c. Doors open at Seven; Farce at 7.15. Box-office open Ten to Five.

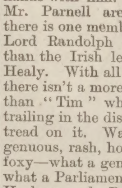
TO STUDENTS.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend CADBURY'S COCOA; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]



Churchill and Healy.

I SEE there is a good deal of nonsense talked about Lord Randolph Churchill being very angry at his meeting Mr. Parnell at Sir Charles Russell's, and refusing to shake hands with him. Why, Lord Randolph and Mr. Parnell are old acquaintances. But there is one member of the party with whom Lord Randolph was even on better terms than the Irish leader, and that was "Tim" Healy. With all his roughness of manner, there isn't a more charming man in the House than "Tim" when there is no Saxon coat trailing in the distance and tempting him to tread on it. Warm-hearted, impulsive, ingenuous, rash, hot, forgiving, bitter, candid, foxy—what a genuine Irishman he is! And what a Parliamentary hand! Churchill first, Healy second. Between them, these two men know every move that is on the board. No wonder they have always had a sneaking regard for each other! A recuperative holiday for Lord Randolph!

Joe Chamberlain "as was."



I see Sir Thomas Farrer has been writing to the *Star* to deny the story that he, and not Mr. Chamberlain, was the real author of the Merchant Shipping Bill. That is generous of Sir Thomas—and, what is more, it is true. Mr. Chamberlain led the campaign under the august shipowner, and led it very well. He is not a favourite politician of mine, but there is no doubt that he and Sir Charles Dilke were generally recognised as the ablest heads of departments in the Gladstone Government of 1880, and that they really led their subordinates, instead of being led by them. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain convinced everybody that he was going to be a strong Home Ruler. In the very early stages of the question—when no one knew who was going to be for us and who against us—a well-known politician was discussing the problem with Mr. Lowell, the American poet and late Minister at the Court of St. James's. Mr. Lowell at once fixed on Chamberlain. He thought he had enthusiasm, ability, strength—everything that would make him a true, honest leader of the people in the great struggle that was at hand. Mr. Lowell has written a poem in which he says that once to every man and nation comes the moment for deciding for the good or the evil cause. Perhaps he remembers it now in connection with Mr. Chamberlain, whose time came a month or so after this conversation, and who then made the wrong choice. And now he is a lost leader, and talks of joining the Tories. Who would have believed it?

Mrs. Chamberlain "as is"

is a very charming woman—not beautiful, as some papers say, but with a certain flower-like prettiness of face and complexion, and a modest timidity of manner which are very pleasing, especially when one remembers the ordinary view of the American girl. I think she has done her husband good, and she has achieved one very difficult task: she has kept the peace in the household at Highbury. Mr. Chamberlain has two very strong-minded children, a son and a daughter, who, especially the latter, were very strongly opposed to his third marriage. Miss Chamberlain had kept her father's house, and sat at the head of his table, and, naturally, she did not want to be deposed by a stranger. However, Mrs. Chamberlain has overcome these little difficulties by virtue of real good-nature and sweetness, and there is peace at Highbury, where some close friends of the father and children were expecting war.

Henry George

is leaving England soon for his native country. I met him the other day, and found he was very well satisfied with his tour. I think him a very honest, simple-minded, straightforward man, with a strain of the old Puritan fervour, and the Puritan shrewdness, too, in his nature. Genuine, unaffected goodness looks out through his blue eyes, and is written on his candid forehead. He has homely habits; and, successful, cultured journalist as he is, is not, I should say, much richer than when he was working at the "case" in San Francisco, and thought as little of setting the world on fire as most of his countrymen, who, however, always keep that little contingency stowed away in a corner of their heads. George lives in a little house in New York, and has a little office, and edits a little paper with a large circulation among country subscribers. As a speaker, George is not so much eloquent as forcible, though he has little bursts of rhetoric, in which he dashes out phrase after phrase of admirable point, and his great forte is in answering questions. His friends love to give him a chance of being "heckled," in which they know that his clearness and readiness will pull him through. "I never," he said to me, "lost my temper but once on the platform, and that was at Oxford. But I must say that the undergraduates began it."

The "New Review."

I am glad to hear that my friend, Mr. Archibald Grove, has made a big success with his venture, the *New Review*. 25,000 copies of the total edition of 40,000 were sold up to Saturday last, and the publishers expect to sell every copy that is still on the stalls or in the bookshops. Mr. Grove is a young journalist; but he has undoubtedly caught the fancy in his sixpenny *Nineteenth Century*. I remember the *Nineteenth Century* coming out; but with all his cleverness, Mr. Knowles did not come near the *New Review* either in point of circulation or advertisements. Mr. Grove's idea is that the time is ripe now for giving the "people"—that is to say, the reading public which cannot afford the *Nineteenth* and the other serial magazines—just the same kind of matter as they get in the half-crown monthlies for a fifth of the price. It is the same pudding, in fact, only a smaller slice. He pays the same rates, employs the same writers, uses as good paper as his big rivals; and he has gone half over Europe to get contributors. I believe he has unlimited resources at his disposal, and that the new "mag" will have a good run given it. The newspaper men think it won't succeed. I differ from them.

A Word on Boulanger.

"What do I think of Boulanger?" writes a country correspondent to me. Well, I think I should best describe him in two French words, which were once applied to some of the followers of Robespierre in the great Revolution. I think him a shallow fellow. But the danger about him is that though he is not a man of genius, though he is so commonplace in conversation that no one ever believed he was going to have a career, he has three invaluable qualities for getting on in France: first, he is good-looking; secondly, he knows how to advertise; thirdly, he knows how to wait. Then he has three very clever men about him—Naquet, the thinker; Laguerre, the schemer; Dillon, the financier, and Rochefort, with his great popularity in Paris, at their back. When I was in Paris at the Exhibition, people seemed to be forgetting him. It was all "Vive Carnot!" then. But he is not really forgotten, and I sometimes fear that 1890 will see him at the Elysée, President of the Republic that is all but an Empire.

A New Party.

I often think journalists are very dull people; they don't take enough account of facts. Now, first think of what has happened in Parliament during the last few weeks. Actually a new party has been formed, consisting of seventy members, with leaders, whips, organisation, and what not. Now, when the Fourth Party was formed the whips were the leaders and the leaders were the whips, and the whips and the leaders were the followers. Yet the band of four—Churchill, Balfour, Wolff, and Gorst—turned out the Gladstone Government. What may not seventy do?

The Radical Seventy

resembles the Fourth Party in this particular. It has four leading men in it. Mr. Labouchere—witty, dry, cynical, good-natured, daring "Labby" is the chief. Mr. Stanhope, youngish, enthusiastic, advanced, the one Radical in a Tory family, is one whip, and Mr. Jacoby, a large manufacturer in the Midlands—a "man of substance" in every sense—a very pleasant gentleman to boot, is the other. Young "Willie" McArthur, the member for St. Austell, is lieutenant. Mr. McArthur is one of those young men of whom one is always saying that they are going to do great things. He is an excellent speaker—clear, fluent, able—with a heart of gold, and he is the "dearest chappie" in the world. All his friends want is to see him something else, and the new party is just the thing to give him the chance he needs. So, at least, thinks

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

Would you have your baby
Healthy, bright, and good?
Nurse it well and feed it
On DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.—[ADVT.]

ASIDES.
BY "NO GENTLEMAN."

HERE is a nice little book—a creditable little book—a sort of little book to make you proud of being an Englishman. It is entitled "Deaths from Starvation, Metropolis." During the past year twenty-nine people have been carried dead into the Coroner's court from the holes and corners where they collapsed, empty, frozen, and unmistakably, undeniably starved to death, presumably against their wills. Perhaps you think that twenty-nine cases in a population of four millions is quite a gratifying result. Well, Sir or Madam, I don't; and I shouldn't if it were twenty-nine out of one hundred millions.

* * * *

You see you have got to add to these twenty-nine, about whom the truth could not be blinked, thousands of other cases treated in hospitals and infirmaries, in which the victims died of diseases directly induced by insufficient food, shelter, and clothing—starvation and exposure, in short—or of fevers which comfortably clad and nourished people either escape altogether or resist and recover from. Mr. Charles Booth, in the book on London which he has just compiled, tells us, with unquestioned authority, that there are 300,000 people in London in a condition of chronic want. His investigations ought to make an end of the current flippancies about drink, unthrift, and other easy and Pharisaic apologies for our social breakdown. When we take the carefully-sifted information obtained by him from the School Board visitors, and add to it Dr. Playfair's appalling estimate of the mortality of children in the wage-earning class at 55 per cent., as against 18 per cent among the rich, not forgetting that the Registrar-General's reports show that in every three London adults one will come to an end in a workhouse, hospital, or lunatic asylum, then—well, what then? Only this, that if you voted at the last Vestry, School Board, County Council, or Parliamentary election without a view to getting these matters remedied, then, as surely as I am no gentleman, you are—never mind! The term I had in view is a Scriptural one.

* * * *

Meanwhile, my literary colleagues here and in America are in such a hurry to have more money than they deserve that they have no attention to spare for these hundreds of thousands who have less than they desperately need. Mr. Howells has returned to the charge about the Americans being "a nation which would rather steal its reading than buy it." I must say that the shameless way in which the English author pesters the public to enable him to get paid for his work not only by the English nation, but over again by the Americans, and still again by every reading community in the world, makes me blush for my profession. Mr. Howells, as an American writer protesting against the importation of what is practically bounty-fed English literature, deserves some sympathy, especially from Baron De Worms. But he does not seem to understand the real nature of the grievance any more than Mr. Walter Besant, for example, does.

* * * *

That grievance is not in the least that authors are not so rich as they might be if the existing copyrights were international. Such an arrangement would only rob the American people of cheap modern literature in order that the author, whose labour is no greater when he has a million readers than when he has a thousand, should be made so scandalously rich by one successful book that he would probably never take the trouble to write another. The objection to the present system is that because copyright is limited to England it has to be made unreasonably long in order to secure an adequate return to the author. If it were extended to America, the same return could be secured by a much shorter term. With copyright extending to America and the Colonies, an ordinarily successful novelist would be amply repaid for his labour by a ten years' copyright. At present he has over forty in England alone; and the result is that the mass of the English people are now making the acquaintance of the earlier works of Dickens and Bulwer Lytton for the first time, whereas the Americans have enjoyed them ever since their fame made them worth "pirating."

* * * *

If instead of letting the American have the book for sixpence a copy from the beginning, whilst for upwards of forty years the Englishman has to pay half-a-crown for it, we could arrange that both the American and Englishman should alike pay half-a-crown for ten years, and then both have the book for sixpence, it would be fairer to the Englishman, though to the author it would make—and ought to make—no difference at all, since he gets quite enough already. Whether, when the authors come to understand this, we shall have quite such an insistence on the international copyright question in the press, is a matter on which I have my doubts. But the sooner the literary profession gives up its undignified and greedy clamour for payment twice over, and ceases to hurl accusations of dishonesty at American publishers who, in the absence of copyright, and in the face of free competition, profit only by their own position, judgment, and industry as manufacturers and publishers, and cannot possibly make a penny out of the authors' brains, the nearer we shall be to a satisfactory settlement of the question.

* * * *

The medical papers, I see, are discussing the question of the alleged surplus of doctors. The people most interested in the discussion are young men choosing a profession. Now, as far as overcrowding is concerned, all the professions are alike. Every man who is not condemned to hard manual labour from his boyhood—who can afford partial or total exemption from bread-winning work until he is twenty or so—can now get cheap first-class education almost everywhere

except at Oxford or Cambridge. At the same time, the Education Acts have done so much to sweep away the mere illiterateness which used to be the common condition of the masses, that mercantile clerks of no more than average ability get the wages of unskilled labourers. Men without capital to start them in business as employers are therefore forced to the professions in order to maintain any sort of status of the gentlemanly kind; and, unless they feel a special vocation for preaching, pleading, fighting, drawing, writing, or acting, they "go in for the medical," not because they care for it, but because they don't care for any of the rest, and are too old for the Civil Service.

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The profession thus besieged defends itself by raising its standard of examination, the ordeal of ten years ago being always a joke in comparison with the ordeal of to-day. After the examination comes the crucial ordeal of picking and choosing by the public. A specially agreeable doctor will, after some years, have more patients than he can attend to, no matter how overcrowded the profession is. A specially disagreeable doctor will not get a patient at all as long as there is another practitioner to be had for love or money. The more doctors there are, the more particular can people afford to be in choosing between them; and so the standard of skill and suavity necessary to insure success in general practice goes up and up, leaving unemployed the man who is only ordinarily clever and plausible; and quite swamping the doctor of the old school, with his prejudices, his obsolete class manners, and his scientific behindhandedness. Moral:—Avoid the medical profession unless you have brains enough and character enough to make yourself both liked and respected. If you have both, you will find no profession overcrowded. But "enough" means a greater quantity every year.

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Of course, the main difficulty is to find out beforehand whether you are fit for success or not. Unfortunately, there is nothing for it now-a-days but to guess at your own capabilities, and then stick at your chosen profession until you either succeed or are hopelessly beaten. And there is no forecasting the result. The failure in after life of brilliant and stylish students is as common as the success of slow, nervous, and awkward ones, both events proving that it is not safe to take a man's efficiency at twenty as a criterion of what he will be at forty. We are sorely in need of really scientific methods of measuring men. If you go to Mr. Galton's anthropometric laboratory at South Kensington, he will give you about a dozen simple measurements of yourself, all of which have a certain value. Thus he can tell you at once whether you are eligible in point of stature and chest measurement for admission to the Lifeguards or to the police. Also whether, as an engine-driver, you could distinguish red from green signals. Similarly, an experienced college tutor can soon tell you with tolerable accuracy what academic distinction you can read for with any hope of success. But if you proceed to ask these authorities whether you will be a success as a policeman, or even as a college don, they will tell you that you must take your chance.

* * * * *

To some people, however, the prospect of Mr. Galton's eventually perfecting his anthropometric laboratory is anything but pleasant. It is useful to know the best about yourself; but how about knowing the worst? There are many people who avoid the doctor because they suspect that they have heart-disease, and are afraid that he would confirm their suspicion. Those who suspect themselves of intellectual and moral deficiencies might dread Mr. Galton for the same reason. It is bad enough to be presented with a card at South Kensington describing you authoritatively as four feet high and twenty-six inches round the chest. But imagine getting a card describing you, in the proper scientific terms, as a duffer! Imagine, if you were a cabman, having your license marked at the outset—even before you mounted the box—with all the offences your character must inevitably lead you to commit! Yet since the truth must come out some way, the laboratory, if it had reached the necessary degree of perfection, would surely be the best way. If you are not fit to be a cabdriver, it is better to find it out by a few harmless measurements than at the expense of other people by running over them. Besides, the experimental method only shows you what you are not fit for—and it seldom shows you even that until it is too late to try anything else. The laboratory method would give you positive as well as negative results by telling you what to do as well as what to avoid.

* * * * *

Just one word more about the doctors. Let not the ambitious young man in search of a profession be dazzled by the income which a general practitioner in medicine makes at the West-End of London. £200 a year to spend on yourself as you please is opulence compared to £1000 a year with a position to keep up as a doctor. The £1000 a year does not belong to you, it belongs to the landlord of your expensive house, to your footman, cook, and housemaids, to the livery stable keeper and to your tailor. You work twelve hours a day and sleep only when the night-bell gives you leave. In short, you find that you are kept just as close to "bare subsistence wages" as a labourer is, and much more so than you keep your own footman. So do not be misled by the friend who says:—"Why don't you go into the medical profession? Look at the fine income So-and-So and Thingumbob are making! They get their thousand a year if they get a penny." Let no man who is free to wear a slouch hat and travel third class part lightly with that liberty; for it simply doubles his income.

N. G.

A Fair, Beautiful Skin.—Sulpholine Soap gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE happy circumstance that Mr. Augustus Harris secured the stalwart MM. De Reszké for Italian Opera may have had no inconsiderable bearing on the richly-merited success that has crowned the enterprise of the Napoleonic impresario at Covent-Garden Theatre. M. Jean De Reszké, the favourite tenor, has reappeared as the robust hero of "Aïda." Duchesses adore him. Countesses court him. Diamonds flash their brightest in his honour. Given, in addition to such supremely artistic singers of the first rank as Albani, Nordica, Ella Russell, and Jean De Reszké, a magnificent mounting of opera such as has never been surpassed for grandeur, and a splendid chorus and orchestra, Royal Italian opera as rendered at Covent-Garden is deservedly triumphant. Quite apart from musical excellences, the Covent-Garden operas are the finest shows in London, take them all in all. "La Traviata," for example, was on Saturday last endowed with such a wealth of accessories in the shape of resplendently-dressed pleasure-seekers that the familiar opera, in which Albani sang to admiration, and with a freshness that was delightful, proved especially welcome. Playing his trump cards with growing courage, Mr. Harris on Monday introduced a fair young prima donna, whose name is one to conjure with in Paris. Mdlle. Marie Van Zandt made her début at the Royal Italian Opera, in "La Sonnambula"; and the audience gave her a very hearty greeting. A little nervousness at the outset soon wore off. The music and stage business of Amina exactly suited her. The gifted songstress was called before the curtain at the end of each act, and her first appearance here was a decided success. The Count found an excellent representative in M. Edouard De Reszké; but M. Montariol afforded less satisfaction as Elvino. A combination of all the talents was arranged for the Derby Night—Albani, Ella Russell, Van Zandt, F. D'Andrade and Cotogni in "Le Nozze de Figaro."

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I cordially congratulate Mr. Henry Byatt and the Princess's management on the deserved success of the new melodrama, "True Heart," on Monday night. In common with that stanch Thespian supporter, Lord Londesborough, I had much pleasure in "giving a hand" to Mr. Byatt when he came before the curtain at the close, and received the well-merited applause of the friendly audience, roused to enthusiasm by the very realistic life-boat rescue which terminates the play. Mr. Henry Byatt, a pale-faced, modest-looking young man with a fair moustache, received due commendation from this old play-going hand when he produced his remarkably strong one-act piece of "Brothers" at the Vaudeville, where it enjoyed a long run. In neatly constructing "True Heart" he has not disdained the use of time-honoured situations, and there are, accordingly, suggestions of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and of those admirable Adelphi dramas "In the Ranks" and "The Harbour Lights," in Mr. Byatt's smart play. The story has a familiar ring. There is an unconscionable villain, named Sir Ralph Minto, who, desiring to secure the property of his deceased brother, causes the sensational death of the widow, and induces an incorrigible rogue, Lyas Carver, to abduct the young daughter of Lady Minto. But this said daughter grows up to be the constant sweetheart of gallant Captain Dick Carlyon, and, though a dastardly trick of Sir Ralph parts them on their wedding-day, the wicked are confounded and the lovers united at the termination of as exciting a life-boat tableau as ever won the applause of the public. Miss Grace Hawthorne has never been seen to so much advantage. She enacts the dual part of Lady Minto and her daughter, Nell Foster, with a charming winsomeness; her love-scenes as pretty Nell with her fond sailor-lover being quite charming in their naturalness. Mr. Leonard Boyne as Richard Carlyon and Miss Hawthorne as the fair heroine are well matched by the low comedy couple; Mr. E. W. Garden and Miss Helen Leyton as Tim Timmens and Bess Ruddsdell; while Mrs. Frank Huntley is not a little reminiscent of good old Mrs. Willoughby as Mrs. Ruddsdell. The Sir Ralph of Mr. Bassett Roe, Lyas Carver of Mr. Julian Cross, chivalrous Frank Fairfield of Mr. Yorke Stephens, and Julian Minto of Mr. H. H. Morell are similarly effective, the colours being put on thickly by each actor. Mr. Curtis D'Alton's singing of the rattling good new song "True Heart," by Mr. C. J. Hargitt, was warmly applauded. Finally, the skilful stage-management of Mr. John Douglass gave a swing and "go" to the "switchback" life-boat rescue that crowned "True Heart" with undoubted success. Lots of money in "True Heart."

"We want more music," said a member of the London County Council last week when he advocated the establishment of a town band to play gratuitously. Evidently not a musical critic—or what would he say to twenty-four operas and concerts for the first week in June? Prose fails me; I must attempt a brace of couplets:—

As the concerts and operas down for June
Defy me in prose I resort to rhyme,
And remark that this endless flow of "tune"
Will beat the critic quite out of "time."

* * * * *

But I must say something about Mr. Mapleson, who is making a bold struggle to bring the old forms of Italian Opera to the front. The "humming, guitar-strumming 'Barbiere,'" as Wagner called it, went really well last Saturday night. The Rosina was Madame Gargano, from Madrid. She sang extremely well when she did not force her voice, which is sweet and flexible, but lacking in volume. She acted brightly, and was encored in Proch's air with variations, responding with the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah." Madame Gargano is decidedly clever. Signor Padilla made a capital Figaro, and Signor Vicini was a fairly-good Almaviva. The chorus missed their train at Turin. That "Tureen" wants a cook to look after it. Let us hope the chorus will keep "better time" on the stage.

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The amateur representation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Sorcerer" at the Adelphi last Saturday proved most enjoyable. Many of the amateurs were really clever, both in singing and acting, and every seat in the house was taken, which I was glad to note, as the performance was in aid of the Charing-Cross Convalescent Home.

* * * * *

Verdi writes to a friend respecting the jubilee celebration of his first opera, "Oberto di San Bonifacio," which was produced at Milan, Nov. 17, 1839:—"I want peace; I have had enough music and enough compliments. Pray do not drag me out to appear at fêtes, and to receive deputations. Thank my friends cordially. I fully appreciate their kindness, but need repose." The result will be, I understand, that the celebration will take a simpler form than was originally intended.

* * * * *

The eccentric Von Bülow has expressed his opinions in America in his usual characteristic manner. He says "America is advancing in music with seven-leagued boots, and at an Edisonian electrical speed." He further remarks that "There are other composers besides Wagner," and wrote in a young lady's album at Boston, "I believe in Bach the Father, Beethoven the Son, and Brahms the Holy Ghost of music." I could give other extracts, but after that I pause.

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I was very sorry for Barton McGuckin. He was such a capital Lohengrin in the English version that I expected much from his début at Covent-Garden. He sprained his ankle so severely that he could not pursue the even "tenor" of his way, poor fellow, and had to give up the part.

* * * * *

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" is to be sung in French, and of course the Germans say why not "Die Meistersinger" in German? But if every opera is to be sung in the language of the original libretto what a polyglot business opera will become! For example, Mr. Mapleson promises "Maritana," and he would have perforce to perform it in English. There is an opera of Tschaikowsky on the cards: will that be given in Russian? Ought "Mignon" to be in German in deference to Goethe, or "Carmen" be performed in Spanish? Better, after all, keep to Italian, and we know what we are about.

* * * * *

Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, fresh from their Swiss holiday, sought the sea air at Brighton last week, and were observed studying their last new drama of "Master and Man," as strongly played by Mr. Robert Pateman's company at the Royal.

* * * * *

The domestic drama in four acts by Mr. J. Stanley Little, produced at the Strand Theatre on Tuesday afternoon under the title of "Doubt," proved a depressing piece. A scapegrace young fellow having been too intimate with the companion of his friend's wife writes her a letter, which falling into the husband's hands suggests to his mind the "doubt" which is the chief and only motive of the play. Throughout the four acts this suspicion, which might be so easily cleared up, is made the subject of much distress and mental agony. At the close, the young man who has caused all this mischief is killed by being thrown from a vehicle on his way to the railway-station; and then the husband learns that his "doubts" were unfounded. The author was called for by an indulgent audience; but it is hardly likely that the play will be seen again. It is extremely feeble throughout. Miss Alma Murray played with earnestness as the heroine; and Miss May Whitty and Miss Georgie Esmond were efficient. Mr. Wallace Erskine gave some interest to the reckless hero, and Mr. Nutcombe Gould acted earnestly as the husband.

* * * * *

Mr. Sydney Grundy, the young-looking dramatist with clean-shaven, shrewd face, is very fond of ruminating whilst he smokes an old briar-root. And he has in his time (generally with the aid of Scribe and other Continental writers) evolved ingenious and amusing plays from the "bird's-eye views" conjured up from his pipe-bowl. Some characteristically neat workmanship of Mr. Grundy's may be seen in the new piece played at the Court by the Kendals, and called, rather strangely, "The White Lie"—rather strangely, because the title refers to the very grave self-assumption of the suspicion of guilt by a wife to save her sister's honour, assailed by a Captain Tempest. Mrs. Kendal plays the part of the self-sacrificing Mrs. Desmond with all her old charm, succeeding in the end, of course, in vindicating her character. Mr. Kendal as Sir John, and Miss Olga Brandon as Lady Molyneux; spirituelle Minnie Terry as the dear little child; and Mr. Glendinning as Mr. Desmond, the jealous husband, were worthy the companionship of Mrs. Kendal. Mr. Arthur Dacre gave just the requisite tone to Captain Tempest.

* * * * *

Mr. Richard Mansfield, who has materially added to his reputation by his masterly production of "Richard III.," and his powerful acting as the malignant King, brought his Globe season to a close last Saturday. The frolics of "Faust Up to Date" may be looked for in place of "Richard III." at the Globe on Whit Monday.

* * * * *

The Gaiety, meantime, draws brilliant audiences, grace to the clever acting of Coquelin and Jane Hading in the French Plays. My deputy, on Monday, did not find plump Coquelin quite so good a Gringoire as Beerbohm-Tree; but he relished his acting and that of Madame Hading exceedingly, and was delighted with Coquelin's excellent monologues, and the drollery of the two Coquelins and comedy of Mesdames Patry and Lemercier in "Les Précieuses Ridicules."

THESPIS.

THE APPALLING INUNDATION.

We are indebted to the New York Correspondent of the *Daily News* for the following description of the deplorable calamity which has filled a peaceful mountain valley of Pennsylvania with mourning, no less than eight prosperous towns or villages having been swept away by the fell inundation, at a cost of many thousands of lives.

Scene of the Floods.

Conemaugh Valley is little more than a gorge in the Alleghany Mountains, about eighteen miles long and only a few hundred yards wide, with precipitous hills rising on both sides. Two small creeks flowed through it, uniting at the lower end into a shallow and rapid stream, called the Conemaugh River. At the head of the valley, high among the hills, was a huge body of water, formerly a natural lake, but increased to many times its original size by artificial means. It was three and a half miles long, over a mile wide, and in some places 100 ft. deep. To hold back this immense mass of water a dam from 100 to 1000 ft. wide, 110 ft. high, and with a thickness of 90 ft. at the base and 20 ft. at the top, had been built.

The Dam Yields: Towns Blotted Out.

Heavy rains, lasting forty-eight hours, had swelled the volume of water in the many mountain streams flowing into the lake. Suddenly (in the forenoon of Friday, May 31st) the dam yields, melts away, and the valley is transformed into the bed of a roaring, leaping river, 40 ft. deep, its front moving in a huge wave like a wall over the helpless towns. The first villages reached were inhabited chiefly by working men, whose small wooden houses were swept away like straw.

Johnstown was Blotted Out,

like a child's house of sand upon the sea-shore. The immense buildings of the Cambria Iron Company, massively built of brick, and extending a mile along the river bank, in which 7000 men were employed, disappeared with the rest of the city. The tall chimneys remained standing a few minutes, but soon crumbled with the walls. But the most ghastly spectacle of all was yet to come. When the advancing wave reached the railway bridge, it struck it with a great noise and stupendous force. Incredible as it may seem, the structure did not give way. A mighty dam was instantly formed, shutting off the last hope from the submerged villages. A mass of wreckage, 60 ft. high, and from 700 ft. to 800 ft. wide, piled against the bridge, kept the water back, leaving Johnstown buried under a lake 40 ft. deep.

Horrors of Flood and Flame.

Wedged into the mass of wreckage were bodies terribly mutilated, many dead, others shrieking in agony. Then came the final touch of horror. The mass caught fire, probably from an overturned stove or some similar cause, and living and dead were alike burned to cinders. Into the flaming mass was hurled the floating wreckage, with its living victims screaming with terror, as the flames crackled and roared among the dry tinder of the floating houses. Human beings were seen, pinioned between house roofs and other ruins, while the greedy flames were closing round them. The scene was horrible beyond description. Infants a few days old and aged men and women were consumed before the eyes of the beholder and no rescue was possible.

The Prayer on the Raft.

Two men on a tiny raft shot into the swiftest part of the current, cowering down, and stolidly looking at the shores. Between them, dressed in white, and kneeling with face turned heavenward, was a girl of six or seven years old. She seemed stricken with paralysis until she came opposite to the observers. Then she turned her face to them. She was so close that one could see the big tears on her cheeks. The men on the shore shouted to her to keep up her courage, and she resumed her devout attitude, and disappeared under the trees which projected at a point a short distance below.

"Do you see that fringe of trees?" said one in the crowd, pointing to the place where the little girl had gone out of sight. "Well, we saw scores of children swept in there. I believe, when the time comes, they will find almost a hundred bodies among those bushes."

A Beautiful Girl

came down on the roof of a building which was swung in near the shore. She screamed to the spectators to save her; and one big, brawny, brave fellow walked as far into the river as he could, and shouted to her to try to guide herself into the shore with a bit of plank. She was a plucky girl, and stood upon the frail support in evident obedience to the command. She made two or three bold strokes, and actually stopped the course of the raft for an instant. Then it swerved, and went out from under her. She tried to swim ashore, but in a few seconds was lost in the swirling water. Something must have hit her, for she lay quietly on her back, with pallid and expressionless face. Men and women in dozens, in pairs, and singly; children, boys big and little, and small babies were there, among the awful confusion, in the water, drowning, gasping, struggling, and fighting desperately for life.

Mr. Grant, Mayor of New York,

and Mr. Hill, Governor of New York, appealed for subscriptions to a fund for the survivors; and similar appeals have been made to the citizens by the Mayors of all the towns in the States. Naturally, there has been a noble response. The rich Americans who abound in London have not been slow to join in this cosmopolitan subscription.

She showed no sign, though Arkinstall watched her narrowly.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER II.

SIR GEORGE PURDEN'S death had been too long expected to make much stir in the public mind when at last it came. Much more interest was felt in his successor than even as a rule is excited by the personality of an heir to a large estate and a great fortune. The new Baronet was little more than a name to those most interested in the family. Even during the final years of the old man's life, passed in the invalid's chair to which he was tied by an accumulation of distressing maladies, he had tenaciously held to every iota of the power his position gave him, and had been resolute to exercise it to the end. His son had been, so far as any share he had borne in the management of the property now his own, little more than an upper clerk or secretary, and knew less of his father's secret mind than Mr. Arkinstall, the old Baronet's one intimate and adviser. Tom's sense of duty had made him, perforce, content to pass the best years of his youth in his father's sick-room; but now that long imprisonment was over, and he was free to live in what fashion he would.

What that fashion was, he made known to Mr. Arkinstall as they sat alone on the terrace on the evening after the funeral. Mr. Arkinstall had been the one friend with whom Sir George had kept up anything like a constant intercourse in his last years, his *alter ego*, whom he consulted on all matters of business. He had a reputation for great wealth, and was known to possess both keenness and probity in no usual degree.

Tom's declaration of his intentions regarding his future life came quite naturally from the line of conversation taken by the elder man.

"It's a fine property, Tom, and a fine position; but it carries duties with it. I have often thought—you will understand and pardon plain speaking, I am sure—that your father did not take altogether the best way to fit you to discharge them. He might, for one thing, have allowed you a more active share in the management of the estate, and more personal liberty, more opportunity of seeing and learning the world."

"I am going to see and learn the world in my own way," said Tom. "My plans are formed, and have been formed any time this ten years. I am going to travel."

"Yes?" said Mr. Arkinstall, tentatively. "I think you have earned a holiday."

"It will be a long holiday," said Tom. "You know Groves—at least, you know his name, John Groves?"

"Groves? Oh, yes, to be sure. The African explorer?"

"Yes. He starts on his third expedition this day week. We were at school together, and, if my father would have permitted it, I might have done the two former voyages with him. I wrote to him on Tuesday, asking if his party was complete. I received his answer this morning, saying that it was, but that he will be glad to make room for me."

"And you are going?"

"Yes. I am going."

"Well," said Mr. Arkinstall, "if you have made up your mind, of course you don't want my opinion."

"I can guess it, I'm afraid," said Tom. "It isn't favourable?"

"As I said just now," answered Arkinstall "I certainly think you have earned a holiday, but—how long do you expect to be away?"

"Impossible to tell," said Tom. "Months, certainly; years, perhaps."

"Then," said Arkinstall, "my opinion is not favourable. Speaking candidly, I think that a man of your wealth and position has no right to waste his life in wild-goose chases of that kind. There are plenty of men with no such ties to keep them at home as bind you—or should bind you—to do that kind of thing, if it must be done."

"Why," asked Tom, "what ties have I?"

"The estate."

"The estate will get on as well without me as with me. It is in perfect working order, and any intelligent agent can direct it as well, or better, than I."

"I had hoped," said Arkinstall, "that you would marry."

"I probably shall, some day; but there's no hurry for that. I am only thirty. I want to know what you think of an idea I've been considering. When I go, I must, of course, leave somebody in trust behind me, and I have been thinking of giving the berth to Ralph."

"To Ralph?" echoed Arkinstall.

"You seem surprised."

"I *am* surprised," said the elder man. "Why, the boy hasn't a single qualification for the post."

"I don't think that any special qualifications are needed. It would be almost a sinecure, and such duties as he would have to discharge might be learned in a month by any man with a quarter of Ralph's brains. He would need help, of course, at first; but, in a little while he would find it easy sailing enough. Richards has been bailiff here for five-and-twenty years, and could be trusted alone so far as his department goes. But there ought to be somebody here to represent the family, and keep the house going while I'm away, and really you couldn't easily find a better man for that than Ralph. He's a bright, clever fellow, popular with everybody"——

"Good Heavens!" broke in Arkinstall; "what are you dreaming of? Do you really mean—have you seriously thought of giving a harum-scarum fellow like Ralph a property like this to play with and a house like this to live in? The place would be the scandal of the county in a week. He'd have a whole *corps-de-ballet* and a score of idle good-for-naughts down, and keep a perfect Abbey of Medmenham here. It would take four or five thousand per annum to keep the place going, in the quietest way; and, as Ralph would manage it, there wouldn't be a stick of the property left in a year or two."

"Oh, come," said Tom, "he isn't quite so bad as that!"

"I suppose," said Arkinstall, "that what you want to do is to provide a worthless scapegrace with a regular income and an excuse for accepting it. It's my opinion that he'd find the excuse readily enough himself!" The old gentleman, as will be at once seen, had no very lofty opinion of his host's cousin. However, noticing a pained look on Tom's face, he controlled himself, and went on more calmly: "If you want to do the boy a good turn, that's easy enough. Give him free quarters in the house; let him keep the establishment on its present footing, and give him a fixed allowance which he can't exceed. Lock up all the rooms but those he wants for his own use, and store the furniture. If he likes to play at managing the estate, let him; but leave somebody in charge over him to keep him in check, and have everything audited and passed at frequent intervals."

"Yes," said Tom, "that might be done. You know," he went on, "I'm sorry for poor old Ralph; I should like to help him as I can. After all, he's not the only fellow who's kicked a bit over the traces, and he's getting a great deal soberer and quieter lately. He's getting more serious. He was talking to me last night about his past mistakes, and regretting the chances he has missed, and I believe there's the making of a man in him still."

Perhaps Arkinstall had his doubts on the point, but if he had he kept them to himself.

"Yes," Tom continued thoughtfully, "I think something might be made of that idea. I never thought of giving him carte blanche. It would not be fair to any man to put him to such a proof as that. But I really believe that he would work if he had the chance, and with somebody to keep him in check he would do well enough." "How could I leave over him? By Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly, "would you do it?"

"I?" said Arkinstall.

"Why not?" said Tom. "You know the whole business thoroughly. You have always been my father's adviser and confidant. If I stayed at home I should often apply to you myself for advice and assistance. Why not? you would not grudge them to me. You would not give them to Ralph, in my interest. There would really be so little to do—a occasional bit of advice wanted—no more than you have been doing for years past already. Come, Sir, will you do that for me, as a personal favour?"

There were reasons—one of which may perhaps be already guessed, and others which the future course of this story will make apparent—why Tom's whole scheme was distasteful to Arkinstall. He had no liking for Ralph and no belief in him. He thought him a wastrel and a spendthrift. But he had a sincere regard for Tom, whose right to dispose of his own life in his own fashion he could not question, though he could have wished his ideas in that respect to have taken another colour. And it was [illegible] an hour or two since, by the reading of [illegible]

George's will, that Arkinstall had learned that the dead man's appreciation of his friendly offices had taken a very agreeable and substantial form. The will had asked, too, that he would to the best of his ability and friendship continue those offices, if called upon, to Sir George's successor, and a request of that kind was naturally sacred. In fact, it was scarcely needed, for Arkinstall regarded Tom almost as a son, and would have watched his interests with care quite unsolicited. And since Tom chose to go away, even on what Arkinstall might consider the most hare-brained of enterprises, he was a free agent, and had earned his liberty. And it was generous and friendly—like the lad, in a word—to want to help his scapegrace cousin, and give him another chance. Arkinstall liked Tom none the worse for it, though he had the dismallest forebodings regarding the result of his generosity. And if he would have helped Tom, as he certainly would, why not Ralph, since he was Tom's agent and servant?

"I'll keep an eye on him," he said after a pause, rather sulkily.

"Thank you," said Tom warmly, shaking hands with him. "Thank you very, very much. You've taken a great load off my mind. I can feel comfortable now, however long I may be away. You'll find Ralph all right: I'm sure you will. He only wants a little sense of responsibility, something definite to exercise his mind on, to settle him, and make a man of him. Thank you very much."

Arkinstall accepted Tom's fluent thanks a little crustily, and soon after went away. He had expected to find Ralph somewhere about the house or grounds in his daughter's society, and was happily disappointed by discovering her alone in the drawing-room, apparently deeply interested in a book. She raised him affectionately, as she always did after his shortest absence from her. He obeyed her askance as she moved briskly about, getting out the materials for the one sober glass of whisky-and-water which he allowed himself on an evening, and was glad to see no difference in her usual manner. She brought him a match for his cigar, and lit it, and he told her the events of the day, the funeral, and his legacy, and Tom's coming departure for Africa.

"What an idea!" said Elsie. "It's positively ridiculous. Why doesn't he stay at home and make himself agreeable? Fancy having all that money, and a beautiful house, and being a Baronet, and then going and burying oneself alive in Africa! I was looking forward to no end of fun when Tom's mourning was over. There hasn't been a ball at the Manor House since I was—oh, ever so little. I can just remember it. All we children danced at the end of the room, under the music-gallery. Tom and Ralph fought for me, and Tom won. I wished he hadn't, because he couldn't dance a bit, and he spilt a plate of strawberries over my frock and spoilt it."

"Tom isn't a dancing man," said Arkinstall.

"No," said Elsie, "he was always a bit of a savage, so perhaps he'll get on all right in Africa. What is he going to do with the house?"

"Ralph will live there." His back was to the light, which fell full on Elsie's face as he spoke. "He's going to act as a sort of steward or bailiff during Tom's absence, and I am to coach him in his duties." There was no sign of satisfaction or the reverse in the girl's face at this information, her frank regard did not change in the slightest degree. She showed no sign, though Arkinstall watched her narrowly, but with that wonderful natural hypocrisy which the least experienced girl has almost as well at her command as the most finished woman of the world, sent her father to bed quite happy in the belief that Ralph had either so far lost his attentions within the bounds justified by old acquaintance, or that the girl had no wish that he should extend them beyond those limits. They talked of indifferent matters for a while, till Elsie rose, saying that she was tired. The old man got and lit his candle for her, and she kissed him with unmoved face of accustomed affection, and went away. She was glad to get into her own room. She sat at the window, and looked over the lawn to the gate, where on two or three happy evenings she had stood and talked with Ralph. He had not come that night, and her heart thrilled and fluttered at the conjectures she framed to explain his absence. But she was a good girl, and her love for the scapegrace was very far yet from conquering the older affection and the sense of duty with which it was allied.

Arkinstall had definitely made up his mind, though, as we have seen, as a matter of fact, as to the extent of acquaintance he would permit between Ralph and his daughter, he had said nothing positive on the subject to either. He had constrained himself to a kind of surly courtesy in the young fellow's presence, determining to act with prompt decision when the necessity for action should make itself apparent. So, though Ralph knew perfectly well what kind of reception his wooing would meet with in that quarter, and though he could but know that the old man already suspected him of designs upon Elsie's peace of mind, and accordingly never met him without a prophetic shiver, it was not for fear of him that he had that evening abandoned the stroll which had, so far, always brought him—accidentally, of course—to Arkinstall's gate. When he left that worthy and his cousin over their wine, he had walked into the village to replenish his cigarette-case at the tobacconist's, who procured for him from London a peculiar brand he preferred. He patronised this one local tradesman, and was extremely affable with him, for the simple reason that he kept the village post-office. The Poste Restante at Becksford was not a large affair, and at this particular moment Ralph was probably the only person in the neighbourhood who received letters through it, and he did not care to have that circumstance added to the stock of village gossip. So, when the postmaster, after filling his case with the cigarettes, handed him a letter addressed in a female hand, to Ralph Purden, Esq., and superscribed, "To be called for," with a knowingly cheerful twinkle, which would have been a full-born wink had his customer lived elsewhere than at the Manor House, Ralph accepted it with a like expression, and converted his humble acquaintance into a cheerful conspirator in some dim amorous intrigue such as the latter felt to be quite the proper thing for a gentleman of Ralph's figure and family. Ralph bestowed the letter in his pocket with that sly smile still lingering on his face, and, after another minute or two of chat, went away with a nod which the postmaster felt bound him to sympathetic secrecy.

Ralph's expression changed as he walked away, and his face grew cloudy and troubled. He took out the letter and read the address, and flirted it impatiently in his hand till he got clear of the village and out into the fields. Here he sat upon a stile and broke the seal.

"My darling Ralph," the letter ran, "Come to me the moment you get this. You *must* come. I cannot bear it any longer. Baby is very, very ill, and the doctor says it is because he does not get sufficient nurrishment, and not of the right sort. I do all I can for him; you know that, darling. But I must have money. You must let me have money, Ralph, and you must come and see your wife. I have borne it as long as I could, but I shall go mad if it lasts much longer. If you have not lost all the love for me you said you had, come, or at least send me some money to save your child. This dirty bit of paper is all I have to send you. I shall have to beg the stamp from the landlady; and there are twelve weeks due to her. For God's sake, come to me, or send me some money. She talks of turning us into the street. How will it end? Your loving wife,

STASIE."

Ralph crushed the letter in his knitted fingers and groaned aloud. A man must have reached a far lower depth of selfishness than he had sounded yet for such an appeal as this to seem otherwise than horrible. But his anguish was not all for the woman who had lain in his bosom and the child she had borne him; though, to do him justice, their misery stirred him to deep and remorseful pity.

That dirty scrap of paper, with its story of sordid need written in pale ink, with faint flecks of rust from the pen, seemed drearily typical, somehow. Had he ever loved her, he asked himself—this woman who called herself his loving wife, who spelt "sufficient" with one "f," and "nourishment" with an unnecessary "r"? Let that be as it might, she was his wife, and she and the child were starving. He must get money for them in some way. But how, and from whom?

There was Dick. Dick had been a little short with him, a little unbrotherly even, of late, and he had not too much money. Still, he was such a good-natured fellow that a moving story might extract another fiver from him. Ralph began to arrange the story. The true one, with certain details omitted, would answer well enough. He would try Dick in the morning; it was too late to catch a train for town to-night. A little comforted, he went home, passing Arkinstall's house on the way. He stood for a moment, looking up at Elsie's window. It was dark; but he fancied that he saw the lace of the curtains stir. Elsie saw him, looking very white in the moonbeams, and marked the dejected step with which he moved away, and sent out her pure pity after him. He was glad to hear on arriving at the house that Tom had retired an hour before, and went on tiptoe past his door.

(To be continued.)

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—What commands the spontaneous homage of Mankind? Stirring Honesty of Purpose! Without it Life is a Sham! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. Caution.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ESO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at ESO'S "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. ESO'S patent.—[ADVT.]

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

LAST week I just began to speak of the pictures of the year, and particularly recommended to your notice Mr. J. M. Swan's fine Academy painting of "The Prodigal Son" (136). Another of the successes of the Royal Academy is Mr. Adrian Stokes' "The Harbour Bar" (756), where again there is a mysterious background, though here you look seaward; fishing-boats, with lights out, are just starting across the still water, casting into it long reflections as they go, and all is filled not only with the beauty and quiet of the twilight hour, but with good painting.

And then there is Mr. Alfred Parsons' "Valley of the Thames" (723), the river winding far away between low meadows, with that wonderful quiet charm which the Thames possesses above all streams, and painted as no other English landscape painter, save Mr. Parsons, could do it. If you only have time to look at three pictures at the Academy this year, pick out these three by all means. They may not be as much gossiped about in the papers, but if you really care for Art, mere notoriety will not be for you a recommendation.

If you are not pressed for time look for the work of S. Melton Fisher and Horace Fisher. The former has a "Festa" (514), which is very original in treatment, and the latter a picture of cardplayers. The work, too, of Van Haanen, Stanhope Forbes, Chevallier Tayler, Arthur Lemon, Robert W. Allen, Frank Bramley, E. E. Simmons, is all to be studied and enjoyed. Mr. Henry Blackburn has courteously permitted us to reprint from his handy "Academy Notes" a small outline of Mr. Edward E. Simmons's picture of "The Carpenter's Son" (740); and also a sketch of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's characterful wedding-breakfast, "The Health of the Bride" (655).

MR. EDWARD E. SIMMONS'S R.A. PICTURE: "THE CARPENTER'S SON," St. Luke ii. 40 (740).

Reproduced from Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Academy Notes."

I have only space just now for the merest outline—just to point out what will best repay your attention on a first visit. I have not mentioned any of the Academicians, because, in the first place, their pictures have been described over and over again in the papers for the last three months, until one is sick and tired of them; and in the second place none of them, except the sculptors—especially Mr. Onslow Ford and Mr. Alfred Gilbert—send anything very remarkable to the Academy. The Academician who is strongest in his work this year is Mr. Alma-Tadema, and he sends his best pictures to the New Gallery. There you will find by him two portraits, and one of his favourite classical interiors, with wonderfully painted marble, two pretty women in graceful drapery, and a bit of brilliant blue sky in the background. It is one of the most beautiful of the many he has painted, and he calls it "The Favourite Author."

But the most striking picture at the New Gallery is Mr. Sargent's already famous Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. Vigorous in technique and dramatic in pose, it is one of the best things he has ever done. It will attract you at once when you enter the north gallery, where it hangs. Lady Macbeth wears her rich peacock-feathered robes, and with her white arms, from which the sleeves have fallen away, uplifted, she holds the crown above her head, her face, with its truly awful expression, and her rich dress brought out by the intense deep blue of the background.

"GOOD LUCK TO YOUR FISHING."

BY MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., IN THE NEW GALLERY.

In the west gallery is the "Fata Morgana," by Mr. Watts, with its rich Titianesque colouring and its beautiful lines. Mr. Watts has shown nothing so fine of late years. There are several other pictures by him in the same exhibition, though he has sent but one to the Academy. Among others at the New Gallery is "Good Luck to your Fishing," the black-and-white reproduction of which Mr. Watts has kindly allowed me to use here.

And then there are clever portraits by Arthur Melville, La Thangue, F. M. Skipworth, and W. B. Richmond; a picture by Arthur Lemon which should not be missed under any circumstances; landscapes by Alfred Parsons, one large one and two lovely little studies in the back-waters of the Thames. But at the New Gallery there is so much good work it would be impossible, except in a notice devoted to it, to even mention it all. Of the three large exhibitions, this is unquestionably the best. Reserve the greater portion of the time you intend to give to pictures to it.

MR. STANHOPE FORBES'S R.A. PICTURE: "THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE" (655).

Reprinted from Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Academy Notes."

The Kennel Club's Summer Dog Show has been arranged to take place this year at Olympia, Kensington, on July 9, 10, 11, and 12. There will be about £2500 in prizes awarded in the 245 different classes. Special through vans will be arranged to bring the dogs by any railway in England, Wales, and Scotland direct to the door of Olympia without charge.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

Fine weather favoured the Queen's visit on May 31 to Aldershot. Some 12,000 men of all arms were paraded in the Long Valley, and her Majesty rode down the line, and subsequently the troops marched past. A vast concourse of spectators was on the ground. The Queen expressed her satisfaction with the appearance of the troops. Her Majesty will return from Scotland to Windsor on the 26th inst.

During the recent hot weather the Queen drove over to Frogmore every morning about nine o'clock, and, after breakfasting in a tent on the beautiful shady lawn, her Majesty got through the day's business (the Cabinet boxes and her official and private correspondence) sitting in a second tent. The Queen honoured the June 4 celebration at Eton with her presence.

At Sheen House a most brilliant company assembled on May 30 to do honour to the silver wedding of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris. Not only were the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of our Royal family present, but many of the best known names of both the French and English aristocracy were represented.

Prince George of Wales was on June 1 presented with the freedom of the City of London, at the Guildhall, in presence of brilliant company, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince George of Greece. Prince George's reply to the Chamberlain's address was to the point and brief, consisting of exactly seventy-four words.

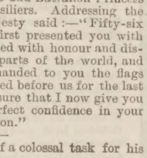
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, whose zeal in the genial performance of his manifold duties is sometimes underrated (inadvertently, let us hope) made a pertinent allusion last Saturday to the many years he has been before the public. The Prince was replying to the toast of his health at the Lord Mayor's luncheon to himself and Prince George. H.R.H.'s seasonable reminder was contained in the following passage:—"I assure you that during the years of my public life—now, I must say, approaching twenty-nine years—it is a sincere source of gratification to me to learn from the lips of the First Magistrate of this great city, who speaks in the name of so many of my countrymen, that those efforts which I have made in public life have not been thrown away—(Cheers)—and that whatever my shortcomings may have been those efforts have, to some extent, received the approbation of my fellow-citizens" (Cheers).

The Prince returned to town on Monday from visiting the Queen at Windsor; and H.R.H. held a Levée at St. James's Palace in the afternoon. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the other members of the Royal family, entered the Throne-room attended by the usual officers of the Household. In the evening, H.R.H. was present at the 1st Guards' annual dinner at the Hôtel Métropole; the Duke of Cambridge in the chair.

The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess d'Alençon, with Princess Louise d'Orléans, visited her Majesty at Windsor on Monday morning, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to leave London on June 8 for the purpose of visiting the Paris Exhibition.

New colours were presented by the Queen at Windsor last Monday to the 2nd Battalion Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers. Addressing the officers and men her Majesty said:—"Fifty-six years have passed since I first presented you with new colours, which you carried with honour and distinction in many different parts of the world, and twenty-three years ago I handed to you the flags which have just been trooped before us for the last time. It is with much pleasure that I now give you these new colours, with perfect confidence in your continued loyalty and devotion."

Mr. Gladstone set himself a colossal task for his Whitsuntide holiday. Southampton's reception and the restful stay at Sir William Harcourt's New Forest abode will be followed by a Romsey trip and a journey to Portland to take yacht for the Channel cruise, which will well brace the Liberal leader for his South Devon and Cornwall exploits. Truly a G.O.M.



The Shah (says his faithful chronicler "Labby") is to arrive at Buckingham Palace from Brussels on the evening of Monday, July 1, and he will be conveyed from Ostend to Dover in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and is to travel from that port to Charing-cross by special train, and he will leave London for Paris on Friday, July 26. The Shah will not stay at Buckingham Palace for more than ten days altogether, as he is to visit Portsmouth, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, and he will also go to Scotland.

An early love-affair of Prince Bismarck's has been unearthed by a Tyrolean traveller. When the Chancellor was still a fiery Junker he often visited the little watering-place of Mitterbad, and at last fell desperately in love with Josefa Holzner, the daughter of the humble attendant at the springs. The father, who was a devout Catholic, would not hear of giving his daughter to a heretic. So the lovers parted.

Lord Randolph Churchill left London on Sunday for Hull, where he embarked on board the Wilson steamer Rollo for Christiania. He proposes to spend a short time fishing in the Lyndal river, near Christiansand.

The Irish Viceroyalty, after having gone begging for some time, has been accepted, under considerable pressure, by Lord Zetland. The Prime Minister, it is suggested, went through the alphabet before he could find anyone ready to undertake so thankless a task.

On Saturday evening the members of the Conservative Club entertained the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith to a complimentary banquet at their club-house, in St. James's-street, which has been newly decorated and faced with granite. The Marquis of Abergavenny presided, and had on his right the Premier, whilst Mr. W. H. Smith sat on his left. The usual loyal toasts having been proposed, and suitably responded to, the toast of the evening—viz., "The Guests, Lord Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith"—evoked much enthusiasm, and was replied to by both statesmen.

Earthquake shocks have been felt severely in France, clocks being stopped and windows broken in various places. The disturbance was likewise felt along the south coast of England, and by a few persons in London.

Mr. Simms, the journalist, who applied for a summons against the Duke of Cambridge for assault on the occasion of the Fire Brigade Review, has been unsuccessful. The Magistrate held that the conduct of the Duke was natural in the face of a rushing crowd. Mr. G. R. Sims, "Dagonet," denies the soft impeachment that he is identical with the irate Simms.

A lady, just returned from Palestine, will dispose of water taken from "the Jordan at the place of the Saviour's baptism at 10s. per phial, post-free." So says an advertisement in the *Church Times.*

The London County Council has carried a motion in favour of opening museums and picture galleries on Sundays by 64 votes to 9.

The Parnell Commission having sat for ninety days has again adjourned for a fortnight. Amongst the Irish members there is an opinion current that the Judges will decide against them on many points, whilst, of necessity, acquitting Mr. Parnell of writing the Piggott letters.

Mr. Henry George addressed the members of the National Liberal Club on Tuesday evening. This seems to indicate that that stately building has gone in for progress, indeed, if it knows little of poverty. The eloquent author of "Progress and Poverty" is off to Paris this week, and thence to Holland for a short time.

Sir Charles Russell has, it is said, been retained to lead the case for the plaintiff in the action for libel that Sir Morell Mackenzie has brought against the *Times* for its publication of the Steinkopff letters which were not read in court during the recent trial of the case of Greenwood v. Gibbs. It is expected that the *Times* will pay 40s. into court, a procedure which would practically admit their liability, and leave the settlement of damages to the jury.

In reply to an offer from America of £6000 for a series of twenty-five articles on subjects of current interest, Mr. Gladstone replied, "At my age the stock of brain power does not wax, but wanes. And the public calls upon my time leave me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is, therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace."

Another romance of the Peerage. The death of the Earl of Caithness leaves the succession to the title uncertain. A bank clerk at Aberdeen is said to be next of kin, and he will bring his claim before the House of Lords.

It is said that a new imitation of the Salvation Army is to be started with the title of the Saviour's Army.

About eight years ago a wealthy Liverpool merchant of fifty was on a homeward-bound steamer from the United States. A young American girl of twenty was on board. She stumbled in passing down the companion-way to the dining-saloon, and the gentleman—Mr. Maybrick by name—caught her in his arms. A love-match followed; but now Mrs. Maybrick is in the Liverpool Jail on the charge of poisoning her husband.

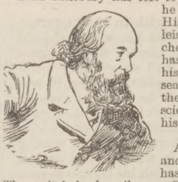
A ghastly scene has taken place at the Liverpool Cemetery, where Mr. Maybrick's body has been exhumed for the purpose of further medical examination. It is stated, for the prosecution, that the unfortunate husband was slowly poisoned by arsenic obtained from fly-papers which were found in a wash-hand basin; but for the defence it is urged that the arsenic was used for the purposes of the toilet, the effect of arsenic in beautifying the complexion being well known to American ladies.

Everyone who can should go to the Monkey Show at the Alexandra Palace. There are big monkeys and little monkeys, and a remarkable white monkey from Ceylon; there are savage monkeys and gentle monkeys; monkeys which give you tender, sympathetic glances; and others which look upon you with obvious detestation. The whole thousand monkeys will be fed at the expense of the visitors; for none of us are able to resist the temptation of purchasing some monkey-nuts with which to feed our "poor relations," whose exhibition is due to Messrs. Brooke and Co., the noted manufacturers of the "Monkey" brand of soap.

The women question is once more to the front, in an unexpected form. A protest against Women's Suffrage has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century,* signed by Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. J. R. Green, Mrs. Huxley, and numbers of other influential women.

Extremes meet. The two papers which are most opposed on ordinary current politics, one a Tory and the other an ultra-Radical journal, have both declared against Women's Suffrage. One of these papers suggests that the enfranchisement of women should not be hurried and rushed. Fancy the agony of the "shrieking sisterhood," after shrieking for twenty years or more, to be told that they are not to be in a hurry!

There are again rumours of a marriage between Prince Albert Victor and Princess Victoria of Teck, although the Queen is said to be opposed to such a union. There is a prejudice against the marriages of cousins, but Darwin, prince of scientists, married his cousin with entirely satisfactory results. His sons are all men of distinction in various spheres.



Lord Salisbury has left town for Hatfield, where he will pass the Recess. His Lordship amuses his leisure moments with chemical experiments, and has a fine laboratory at his beautiful Hertfordshire seat. He also superintends the electric light and other scientific improvements on his property.

An accident of importance to the public at large has just occurred in Paris. The switch-back railway affords one of the most agreeable sensations known; but that also is not unattended with danger. On the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir the carriages of a switch-back railway had just completed their upward journey, but through the fault of a workman they were not shunted properly; the consequence was that they ran down the same line and came into violent collision with another carriage loaded with ten people. The shock between the two waggons, meeting in opposite directions, was terrific. All the passengers were thrown violently to the ground beneath the elevated line. They were picked up by the onlookers and carried to the nearest chemist's, but two died from their injuries before arriving. Seven others were conveyed to the St. Louis Hospital in a dangerous condition.

London has never, it is said, within the last quarter of a century been so full as for this year's Derby. Hotels, apartments, and lodging-houses have all been at a premium; and the spectacle of men and women with luggage driving dolefully around in search of shelter in the West-End has been witnessed. Legends are afloat of beds made up on billiard-tables, of couches improvised in hip-baths, and of sofas converted into equivalents for four-posters.

A horrible discovery has been made at St. George's-stairs, Horsleydown. While several men, including two named Regan and Kelly, were waiting for work there, some children called their attention to a parcel. Regan pulled it out of the water, and found it contained the lower part of a woman's body cut in half. The river police were fetched, and the remains, which were wrapped in an apron, were handed over to them.

Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, was thrown from his horse in the Row on Tuesday morning. Although shaken, he was not seriously hurt, and with the assistance of Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., regained his seat. Which does the unfortunate member for East Birmingham like best—a Parliamentary cropper as in Miss Cass's case or a genuine equine experience like that of Tuesday?

On Monday morning President Carnot visited Calais, accompanied by a number of distinguished French civil and military authorities, in order to open the New Harbour Works, which are to convert, so it is said, the dilapidated old town into a second Antwerp. The works were begun nine years ago. Two of the harbours alone cover forty-five acres. M. Carnot on his arrival had the pleasure of kissing some thirty Calais fishwives, who bore down upon him with gifts of fish. Calais was ablaze with illuminations in the evening.

THE CADETS.

The boys are being organised at one end of life, and the veteran Volunteers ought to be organised—well, not quite at the other; but it is an awful waste of good power to let men drift away in their prime year after year just because daily work and family cares press more heavily without inviting them into reserve battalions, which should be the Landwehr of the Volunteer Force. One could not help thinking a good deal in this way last Saturday, when half-a-dozen cadet corps were fighting, and fighting well too, in Lord Salisbury's Park at Hatfield. At times they fired a little wild, and generally showed natural boyish excitement; but half-a-dozen years hence, when they are all ripened Volunteers, they will be capital soldiers. A year or two more and some of them will have racked their rifles for good because they have married; others because the struggle of life prevents them going to drill as they used; and as things are now they will be lost for good—lost at the very age of those men who came up at Bismarck's call and strongly tightened Germany's grip on France nineteen years ago. These Reserve battalions have been talked of again and again, and have always been deferred, so that hundreds of thousands of prime men have been lost.

On the Road to Fame.

"Johnny," said the father, severely, "are you still reading that history?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, you drop it pretty quick; run out, and have a little cricketing in the field. If you ain't careful, you never will get to be famous."

The Civil War in Hayti is ended, General Légitime having abdicated the presidency.

The Sunday Society had its fourteenth annual meeting at the Freemasons' Hall on Saturday, Sir J. D. Linton taking the chair. During the year two institutions have been added to those opened on Sundays—the Public Libraries of Salford and the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens.

The National Sunday League deserves the cordial support of the public for enlivening Sunday afternoons by means of vivacious bands. Tens of thousands enjoy in the London Parks these delightful open-air concerts, which should become general throughout the country.

New Clock for Kiltegan, Ireland.—A new clock and bell has just been erected by Mr. J. W. Benson, clockmaker to the Queen, Ludgate-hill, E.C., made specially to the order of Mr. J. Hume Dick, of Humewood, Kiltegan. The frame is horizontal, which allows any part to be removed for cleaning or repair without disturbing the rest.

King Humbert Sat on the Horse's Head.—Even Emperors and Kings, says the *Court Journal,* are liable to have their horses break down occasionally, as happened to the German Emperor and the Italian King on their way to Charlottenburg. One of the horses in their carriage was affected by the heat and fell down, and their Majesties got out and had to unharness him. The King and the Emperor appear to have had to do the usual thing, and his Majesty of Italy sat on the horse's head.

THE RACING WORLD

Only a few years ago the man who talked of two Derbies in a week would have been written or otherwise put down as either a lunatic or a practical joker leading up to a sell. Now-a-days we think just nothing of two Derbies in the same week, one at Chantilly and the other at Epsom. Nor is it at all surprising to find the winner of the French a competitor in the older-established institution on the Surrey Downs. Clover, owned by M. Edmund Blanc, part proprietor of the Monaco gambling establishment, took many good judges' fancy when he made a bold show behind Donovan in the Middle Park Plate last autumn. Though technically a foreigner, Sunday's winner is "quite English, you know, quite English, as he is by Wellingtonia—Princess Catherine. Further, he was trained by T. Jennings fils or junior, familiarly described as Young Tom or the Young Governor, to distinguish him from Jennings père or senior. The Gallic character of the victory is still more weakened by the fact that the colt was ridden by Fred Barrett.

So if Master Fred's chance of landing our Derby was weakened by being shunted from Donovan to Morglay, he has made sure of the other. By some what strange coincidence, Robinson was mentioned as jockey for both Clover and Donovan. He was offered the mount on the first named, but would not close with the opportunity because he understood that Fred had first choice. Captain Machell did all he could to persuade the Duke of Portland to put Tom Cannon's old pupil up on our Derby favourite.

Until Saturday it was not definitely known who would have the honour or otherwise of steering the great stake-getter. When it was found that T. Loates was riding the horse at exercise, that was considered sufficient evidence to settle the point, and satisfactorily too. Loates of late has ridden well, and, to put the case tersely, if a horse is good enough to win, T. Loates is good enough to ride him.

Hardly so many English sportsmen as usual witnessed the Chantilly Derby, despite what one supposed to be the side attraction of the Paris Exhibition. More will be over next week for the Auteuil steeplechasing and hurdle-racing, in which many of our horses are engaged. I hear that the Lewes stable (Prince's), which has turned out so many winners for the lucky and clever confederacy racing under Mr. Heasman's colours, will just about win the big hurdle-race, and I hope it will.

Steeplechasing and the other sort of jumping race in France afford sportsmen of strict views a chance of going racing on what we call week-days. As a rule English folk who care for the turf do in Paris as the Parisians do. But some of them do not like being found out, and not all have the adroitness of the late Mr. James Merry, who was heckled by a member of the Scotch constituency the great ironmaster represented. To be cross-examined on a charge of racing on Sunday before a Scotch jury of voters was awkward. Practically there was no defence, as the offence was on record in the sporting papers. Mr. Merry found a way out though: "And if I did run a horse, gentlemen, what does that matter? My horse did not win!" The logic is not altogether sound, but the casuistry prevailed, and the cute old sportsman was cheered.

Derby week opened fine; good omen for the great days, of which we have now three—viz., Derby, Epsom Grand Prize, and Oaks. At the same time students of weather matters do not exactly desire two fine days to start the week because you see they do very much want bright times for Wednesday, and are afraid it may not last if it begins so well, that the right sort will be used up. Of course, wet or fine makes a lot of difference to the people who are at the Derby, but truly it affects the attendance very little indeed. The vast majority of the company make up their minds to go, and do go. Come wet or shine, let the race on paper be a poor affair or full of promise for high old sport, when the day arrives they go because they meant all along to do so. Good times they gratefully enjoy. Bad they endure with what philosophy may be at command. But good or bad, they are there.

Moralists, many of whom have never been on the Downs, annually launch sermons and warnings against racing and all its works, and specially cite the Derby as a bad example. It brings with it, say they, all manner of vicious practices; and, of course, they never miss making the most of the stock item—drunkenness. Now, I should very much indeed have liked to have had with me some of these goody-goody folk who speak so confidently, and taken them for a tour of inspection over Epsom Downs on Wednesday.

I have done the Derby for many years and in many ways, and unhesitatingly assert that the general behaviour of the masses is now worthy of great praise. We do not expect extreme refinement, nor Vere de Vere repose, to mark the deportment of the lower orders as represented on the big race-day. What is not to their view may be coarse to too sensitive critics. But on a general account, this particular Derby Day stood out notably for the very few cases of drunkenness among a very large assembly indeed, and orderly behaviour all round.

Naturally, enthusiasm was great, because nothing rouses our sport-loving people more than seeing a popular idol, a horse with a fine record, once more triumphantly assert his super-excellence; or when his defeat in an honest race makes apparent that a better still has been developed with extended training. Monday's strengthening in the market of Donovan caused many who had stood aloof to back him; and for years a more popular victory than the Duke of Portland's could not have been.

His Grace stood, in a way, in like position with Lord Hastings and Master Kildare, who took a City and Suburban. Each expected to win his race at Epsom, though Lord Hastings won a City and Suburban and the Duke a much more important event—a Derby. (Melton, by-the-way, landed a Derby for his Lordship.) Both arranged to enter into the blessed state of matrimony within a few days of his race. Lord Hastings made the great plunge *before* the big handicap. The Duke was and is due for departure from the bachelors' ranks a few days *after* his historical bid for Derby honours two years in succession. This difference in the relative

period of their nuptials prevents my drawing the parallel further, because it must be plain to the meanest comprehension that the Duke could not further rival Lord Hastings by turning up on the scene of the race accompanied by his charming bride, adorned with a very bad black eye, two embellishments which attracted to Lord Hastings rather more notice than he desired.

Epsom is a place I find charming in any weather; in fine-times or when it is a sleepy country town—so sleepy that you can hardly believe it is only a matter of sixteen miles by road and half-an-hour by rail from London. From the moment you complete your journey by rail—at two-and-a-half times ordinary first-class charge and with no class of carriage at each step. There are the mob of card-sellers at the station-gates, kept back by the police, and frequently charged to that end. Also droves of vehicles of all sorts, from bad to worse generally, whose chief duties in blocking your way seem to imply that you won't ride you shall not be allowed to walk. You find the crowd of touts and tipsters about the telegraph-office, making that "tin" shelter like a wild beast show, and the pickets of the tract-distributing army, whose odour of sanctity is quite overcome and lost in that of unwashed humanity. Here you strike the main road, with refreshing at the Spread Eagle while horses are baited. On your right is the King's Head, and Barnardo, the pastrycook's, whose respected sponsors surely never were so busy as at noon on Derby Wednesday. I forget what Barnards' record of pork-pies was, how many thousands were sold—but they would make a colossal lump if built up together. From your point of observation at the Post-office is heard the choice of approach to the hill—the Downs as the police call it, when moving on the noble army of waifs, strays, cadgers, and hangers-on who are allowed to dispose themselves to sleep pro-tem. quite free to select the best beds, the softest bits of turf, about the course. On Tuesday I took the view from the King's Head, turning to the left where the big red house, now divided into several tenements, once was Epsom New Spa. An other salt springs where the old "wells" were are now made by the tun in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Hence I strolled by the old chalk lane, cut by the influence of Lord Rosebery, who is almost eclipsed in popularity by Lady (Hannah Rothschild) Rosebery, through leafy Durdans, formerly the property of the Heathcotes, for whom Sir Gilbert's Minto, a half-mile on the day, won the Derby of 1833. The road lies veried in a corner of Durdans' wooded paddock. And so to *the* paddock itself, with its shadowy trees and hedges, its old turf a refuge from the noise, dust, glare, and rush of the course, which lies only just over the way.

On Derby Wednesday we look on the course, by the ancient "Parade" so minutely studied through contemporary literature by Rice and Besant, for the sketches of the place, men, and manners of "The Chapel of the Fleet," and scattered big, square, red-brick houses built for fashionables when Epsom was a most fashionable inland watering-place, with ladys have located. Halfway up the Parade we come to a new nook where notable trainers or those to inquire after poor little Bobby Wyatt, who got a blow under which he succumbed in health. Next door is the house built for Harry Constable, Scarlett's Derby pilot—pet of Lord Rosebery—who landed him in his last illness like a brother, and erected a handsome memorial over his resting-place in the cemetery on the hill, by which we drove back to the station. From the Parade we struck Church-street, and reading invitations to refreshment under Prince of Wales's steeplechase trainer, and, like Adams, a veteran cross-country rider; out into the road with the which leads by Nightingale's establishment, where three generations of Nightingales generally are found in the saddle of a morning; then by the Pigeon-house and so up to the course, having all the while dodged out of the way of the Derby crowd who make so great a sight.

Donovan's win was one of the most handsome of modern times, and fitted to the glorious day and surroundings. At one time it seemed as if something was wrong with the favourite, so strong was the desire to back "anything to field"; but the public were always confident, and kept him from going back in the betting. Then two breaks away the field got fairly off. Lutine, Turcophone cut out the running. Down there—the race hardly needs description, as Donovan had won directly he came into the straight. Although, all that Tommy Loates had to do was to steer clear between Miguel and Pioneer, he showed great improvement on his form in the Two Thousand Guineas. He could not fairly hold Donovan when the Duke's champion came on a most gallant winner by a length and a half. There was a desperate race among Lancreate, El Dorado, Pioneer, Ayr and Gay Hampton for third place. El Dorado ran second Miguel. The time was 2 min. 44 2-5 sec. by Benson's chronograph.

A COMPLIMENT FROM "THE DAILY NEWS."

The Daily News of Saturday last paid us the following compliment:—

"THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER."—We have received a copy of the first number of the new series of this popular and consistently Liberal illustrated journal. It is greatly enlarged in size, the illustrations are excellent, the letterpress is sprightly and readable, and the publishers are to be congratulated on the enterprise they have exhibited in its production.

A Policeman Killed.—Constable Webber, of the Cardiff police, died on Friday week from injuries received in quelling a street-row in the rough quarter of the town.

Mr. Edmund Yates will preside at a complimentary dinner to Mr. David Christie Murray, the popular novelist, at the Criterion restaurant, on Friday night, June 7. Mr. Christie Murray, who proposes to visit Australia on a lecturing tour, will be accompanied by his brother, Mr. Henry Murray, in the course of this month. Author of "A Game of Bluff," the serial running in our columns.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Valkyrie.

JUST as Thistle carried all before her in what were her trial races for her contest with the American representative vessel, Volunteer, so does Valkyrie. The one occasion upon which she finished behind Irex and Yarana need not be taken seriously into consideration, for an accident to her jib delayed her nearly a quarter of an hour, which start, in a spanking wind, was more than, perhaps, any yacht in the world could give Irex in the distance remaining to be sailed.

On Saturday, in the Royal Thames Yacht Club race from the Nore to Dover (a matter of fifty-four miles), Valkyrie led everything, even Irex, which had to give her a time allowance of 6 min. 15 sec., and won handsomely. These victories naturally cause considerable excitement in America, where the newspapers have a great deal more to say about Valkyrie than have our own. They are anxious to see what Valkyrie does in a stormy breeze, and it is a pity that her tackle should have come to grief on the occasion when the wind was at all good. But even then, the way she picked up at the finish was very gratifying to English yachtsmen.

It will be noticed that Valkyrie has in Irex the same "trial horse" that had Thistle; consequently comparisons are not difficult to constitute, and it is satisfactory to find that Valkyrie has won new friends by her latest races. Americans in England state their conviction that more than one seventy-footer in the United States is her equal. That this assertion will be put to the test in the autumn is very probable, since the unalterable decision of the New York Yacht Club to insist upon the adoption of the New Rules of Gift and the apparently insuperable objection of our Royal Yacht Squadron to accept them, may lead to the abandonment of a race for the America Cup, after all. This would not prevent Valkyrie from going over, but the interest of the racing would then be in the comparative merits of the seventy-footers of England and America.

The Civil Service Athletic Meeting,

which took place at Stamford-bridge on Saturday, was of quite the old order of things at Lillie-bridge, when the limited handicaps at a mile and a quarter-mile used to bring out the finest runners of the day. Of late years things have been very mixed, but a return to former systems in connection with entries has resulted very beneficially, without any loss accruing to the excellence of the performances. In this respect, indeed, there was every reason for congratulation on the part of the spectators, performances being accomplished which, not many years ago, would have sent their existing records off the boards.

The Quarter-Mile Record.

For years the quarter-mile record stood at 50 2-5 sec., in spite of F. T. Elborough and other flyers. On Saturday, in the open handicap at this distance, the ex-Cambridge runner, H. C. L. Tindall, running from scratch, was beaten by two yards only, the time being 49 3-5 sec. Tindall, who is quarter-mile champion, must be a natural runner to an extraordinary degree, thus resembling a former quarter-mile champion, J. Shearman, for his practice for the race was of the briefest description; indeed, in the previous week, at the Sandhurst sports, he ran a quarter-mile in 50 sec. exactly, having run only once previously, and that in a sprint race a few days before. He also furnishes one of the very few instances of a University runner accomplishing anything worth speaking of in the athletic line after his term of residence at the University.

The Running of E. H. Pelling

in the 250 yards race was not less meritorious. This runner is evidently at his very best at long sprints. Such pre-eminence at an intermedia e distance is rarely seen in so marked a character as in this particular instance. Pelling holds the 250 yds. record of the world, his time being 24 4-5 sec., which means that, at one part of the journey, he must have run 100 yards in considerably less than ten seconds. Anyone would say that he should also accomplish a phenomenal quarter-mile—49 sec. or better; but this he has never yet done, or even shown more than what is now regarded as respectability. If he were an especially fast sprinter, and could keep his pace up to 250 yds., the case would be comprehensible, but this is not the case. The championship meeting takes place on the 30th inst., and great will be the interest in the meeting, in the quarter, of Tindall and Pelling

The Winning High Jump

was also a notable performance, the winner, T. Jennings, of Cambridge University, reaching within half-an-inch of six feet. Until Brookes came upon the scene no amateur had satisfactorily cleared six feet, and he is still the only English University leaper who has topped that height, F. W. Parsons, of Edinburgh, having cleared 6 ft. ½ in. on the same day that he covered 23 ft. ¼ in. in the long jump, performances which very reasonably won him two championships.

The fact should not be lost sight of that at this meeting there were

Two Foreign Competitors,

one from France and one from Holland. Except, perhaps, by our compositors, who may be excused if they err when asked to set up long-winded double-barrelled names, such as Scheltema-Bauduin, of Trekvogels, this sign of increasing athletic activity on the Continent will be hailed with pleasure. Gradually, but surely, the English practice of athletics is being engrafted throughout Europe, the best work, perhaps, being done in Germany and Austria.

Apropos of High Jumping,

the news was telegraphed from Torquay, on Saturday, that G. W. Rowdon had on that day jumped 6 ft. 2⅞ in. at Bournemouth. The local correspondent who telegraphed, either from excitement or a desire to do his best for his local champion (the only alternative is ignorance), stated that this equalled the English record. Now the English record is 6 ft. 3¼ in., made by the American jumper, W. B. Page, at Stourbridge, the same jumper holding the world's record at 6 ft. 4 in. The only 6 ft. 2⅞ in. high jump on record is that made by P. Davin in Ireland, constituting the Irish record. What the correspondent in question might have truthfully said was that the jump was the best made by an Englishman, Brooks's 6 ft. 2⅞ in being the previous best. Rowdon is a small man, like Page, the height he clears being half a foot or so above the top of his head. Of course, the record is at present only "alleged," for it will have to pass the record committee of the A.A.A.

Surrey v. Leicestershire.

Against Surrey, Leicestershire did very well; but Surrey did best, winning on Saturday by 114 runs. W. W. Read came out with colours flying, 50 in the first innings and 87 in the second being placed to his credit. The high value of good fielding was shown in this match, for Leicestershire, on the first day, made mistakes in the field which cost them very dear afterwards. It is in their fielding, as well as in their batting and bowling, that Surrey are so excellent, and younger clubs that wish to shine should take this well to heart.

That Essex failed

to beat M.C.C. and Ground was because two days were not quite long enough. Essex are now playing A. P. Lucas, this making the third county which this player has represented. He was born in Middlesex, but played for Surrey by right of residence. He then left Surrey suddenly, and exercised his birth-right for a couple of seasons, during which time, however, he was qualifying—by residence—for Essex, which county is to be congratulated upon its acquisition. The match in question, had it been one at all, would have been won by his score of 103, although that was ably backed up by H. G. Owen's 89. As these two gentlemen went to the wi kets first, it may be judged that the M.C.C. eleven had a nice outing in the field, 185 runs being scored before a separation came. W. G. Grace was playing for the club, and made 71 in the first innings. The three days' enforced rest, caused by the abandonment of the North v. South match, was no doubt beneficial to this gr at player, who has had a bad cold lately, and so out of sorts for hard cricket. M.C.C. had still three wickets to fall and 21 runs to make to save a single innings' defeat, when time was called on Saturday.

Middlesex

would have found Lucas's 103 very useful in their match against Notts, for which two days were more than ample, only forty minutes of the second day (Friday week) being occupied at Lord's. Middlesex were playing seven fin- and generally reliable bats, but the fine bowling of Attewell and Richardson disconcerted them all, except G. F. Vernon, in the second innings. These two bowlers accounted for eighteen wickets between them, ten falling to Richardson. The remaining two wickets were run-outs. The Middlesex totals were the poor ones of 54 and 73, Notts accomplishing the feat of winning in an innings (with 7 runs to spare) by means or the anything-but-great total of 134.

Lancashire v. Oxford.

The match in which Oxford University succumbed on Friday week to Lancashire by nine wickets, did nothing to alter the conviction that the University Eleven are this year below the average strength. The very trifling superior promise shown by Oxford is scarcely borne out by an innings of 75, following one of 116. It is no use saying that later on better form will be shown. The end of May is time enough for batsmen and bowlers to show what they are made of.

The West of England

Lawn-Tennis Championships, which are annually held at Bath, were scarcely so successful this year as last, the entries being small. The Gentlemen's Championship at last went to a local man, J. Baldwin, after many attempts, proving successful. The Ladies' Championship went to the Irish Lady Champion, Miss L. Martin, who is the second best lady-player we have, Miss L. Dod, of course, coming first.

BANSHEE.

THE LIVERPOOL MYSTERY.

MRS. MAYBRICK was brought up at Walton Jail last Monday before Mr. Barrett, charged with poisoning her husband, and was again formally remanded. She was dressed in deep mourning, with long widow's veil, which she threw aside on entering the gloomy room in which the proceedings were held. She looked pale, but not so unwell as reports would lead us to believe, and she smiled pleasantly as she was asked to take a seat.

* * * * *

The proceedings (says another report) took place in the Magistrate's room at the jail, one reporter being admitted. Mrs. Maybrick was escorted into the apartment by a female warder. Although looking pale and haggard, she was perfectly composed, and listened with attention to the remarks of the police-superintendent when he charged her with the murder of her husband. The remand is until Wednesday.

* * * * *

It has been bruited abroad in Liverpool—so the *Liverpool Post* says—that the police have resorted to an extraordinary stratagem in order to procure evidence of a peculiar character which they require in the case. The story goes that at their instigation a lady was employed to write a letter to a person well known in Liverpool, purporting to come from Mrs. Maybrick. It is alleged that the writing so closely resembles that of the prisoner as to have deceived the person to whom the letter was addressed, and to have brought from him a response. This remarkable proceeding, we are informed, took place immediately prior to Mr. Maybrick's death.

* * * * *

The *Liverpool Courier* has it upon the authority of a gentleman, who affirms that he saw the document, that prior to his visit to London in April last, for the purpose of obtaining medical advice, the late Mr. James Maybrick wrote to his brother Michael a letter which, in view of the present circumstances, is extraordinary. The deceased gentleman said that he could not understand exactly the nature of his illness, and he thought it would be desirable, in the event of his ailment proving fatal, if his body were subjected to a medical examination.

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FOR
SUMMER LEISURE.

The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is

A MELODEON.

The restful hours will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. Our world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. Anyone can play upon them.

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EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
NO ONE DISSATISFIED.

THE "GEM" MELODEON
Is a Marvel of Cheapness.

THE "PARAGON" MELODEON
is Selling in Thousands.

THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
No Home should be Without One.

Do you wish to enjoy your Holiday at the Seaside?
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Do you wish to enjoy your Holiday in the Country?
Then procure a MELODEON.
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P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

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OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "PARAGON" MELODEON.
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NO DECEPTION HERE.

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling, and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N.,
" April 4, 1889.

"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' melodeon this morning, Wednesday, April the 3rd, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"Training College, Saltley, Birmingham, April 8, 1889.

Dear Sirs,—I received the 'Paragon' melodeon on Saturday morning. The beautiful instrument gives me entire satisfaction. I consider it a great bargain for the small sum of 13s. 6d. I shall be most happy to recommend it to any of my comrades who intend purchasing an instrument at any time, and thanks for your prompt attention to my order.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully, F. H. ROE."

"R. I. Constabulary, Ballinea, Mullingar, Westmeath,
" Ireland, April 8, 1889.

"Messrs. Campbell and Co.—Gentlemen,—My order to hand this morning, and, in a word, allow me to say it justly deserves the title of 'Favourite' melodeon. I can assure you I will be most happy to recommend your establishment, an establishment which has gained for itself a world-wide reputation. In conclusion, thank you so much for your punctuality in executing my order, and also you have my permission in using this unsolicited testimonial in any way you choose.—Yours, &c.,
"ROBERT MILLS HARKIN.

"Messrs. Campbell and Co."

A MOST ASTOUNDING FACT.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of our Patent Broad Reed Melodeons HAVE BEEN SOLD; and we have received the unprecedented number of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS and PRESS NOTICES from all parts of the World.

N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGE PRICE-LIST for 1889, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

SAILORS' STRIKE.

THE sailors' strike commenced on the Mersey on Monday, members of the union both of seamen and firemen refusing to sign at old rates. Much excitement prevails along the docks, and large crowds are gathered around, and the Western Ocean steamers requiring crews. The owners of these seem waiting to see how the men will hold out before they ship crews. Four large steamers find difficulty in obtaining full crews; artisans and agricultural labourers are being engaged by boarding-house keepers as firemen.

The Trafalgar, at Greenwich, scene of many a gay Mini-terial Fish Banquet, is tempting American visitors with an exquisite cuisine, the best vintages, and the pleasantest of river views from its balconies.

The St. Petersburg World of Women is in a flutter of admiration over three dressing-gowns, to see which everybody is making a pilgrimage to a certain "atelier" where they are exhibited. They are the gift of the Czarina to Princess Alexandra of Greece, who is about to be married to the Grand Duke Paul of Russia.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND YOUNG'S PARACHUTE RACE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

PERILOUS PARACHUTING.

PROFESSOR BALDWIN proved so successful and so attractive in his parachute descents from a balloon at Muswell-hill last year that it was no wonder Mr. Lee Bapty inaugurated the present Summer Season at the Alexandra Palace with a similar aerial entertainment. But the serious accident which happened to one of the daring aeronauts at the Palace last Monday may well induce the powers that be to consider whether such exploits are not fraught with too much danger to be allowed in this country, save in the cause of aerial science applied to military purposes.

Messrs. Williams and Young, the venturesome young American parachutists, are delineated above as they were seen by our Artist on the occasion of their race from the clouds at Muswell Hill on the 30th of May. Their balloons are filled with hot air, produced by wood fires burning in holes in the earth and communicating their heated air by tunnels. The wind was very gusty, and for a while it was feared that the balloons would not go up. Amidst the applause of thousands of spectators, however, the word was given to let go, and the balloons swiftly shot up into the air, dragging upwards each its man, suspended from the parachutes.

The young men soon became mere specks in the sky, one of the balloons rising to an unusually high altitude. They let go almost simultaneously, and a deep breath of relief was drawn by the spectators when the parachutes were seen to open, fill with air, and descend slowly. It is Young who is sketched as waving his handkerchief. Williams' parachute swayed about in most alarming style, and was still swaying when both men, having drifted to the north-west, disappeared from view. In less than an hour word was brought to Mr. Lee Bapty that both men had arrived on earth safely, near Southgate. The balloon when freed from the parachute canted over, the smoke poured out in volumes, the affair collapsed, and came tumbling like a strip of cloth to the ground.

We now come to last Monday's mishap at the Alexandra Palace. Mr. Young, of the firm of Williams and Young, was on that evening advertised to make a balloon ascent and parachute descent. At seven minutes to six the balloon was liberated, and after attaining an altitude of about 2000 ft. the usual drop was made. Mr. Young was observed to oscillate very much in his descent, and eventually came to the ground at a very awkward angle and with very great force, falling on his arm and leg, and breaking the former. Mr. Young, who was rendered insensible by the fall, was speedily conveyed to the residence of Dr. Fairweather, of Wood-green, where his arm and other injuries were attended to. The spot where the accident occurred was on a piece of common land immediately adjoining Wood-green Railway Station.

TROTTING AT ALEXANDRA PARK.

THE first summer meeting of the recently-formed Alexandra Park Trotting Club was held at Alexandra Park, Muswell-hill, on Monday. The weather was beautifully fine, and the attendance of spectators fairly good, but the sport was only moderately interesting. The programme consisted of two events, one of which was carried out on the American class principle, being restricted to horses that had never previously beaten 3 min. 10 sec. for a mile.

The winners of the three heats in this race, distance one mile, were Mr. D. Wento's Prince, Mr. A. Mayers's Harry Boy, and Mr. C. W. Blacklock's Lady Lizzie, which, with Mr. F. W. Linard's Duchess and Mr. G. Cooper's Little Lady, the two fastest seconds, contended in the final heats. In the first of these Lady Lizzie easily landed the odds of 2 to 1 which were laid on her, Little Lady being second and Harry Boy third; and in the next final, for which 5 to 1 was laid on her, was similarly successful, being this time followed home by Harry Boy. Before, however, her driver could return to weigh in his weight cloths were abstracted from the sulky, and the stewards, after a brief deliberation, declared the heat "no race."

On trying conclusions the third time, Little Lady, who broke and galloped frequently, passed the post first, sixty yards or so in advance of Lady Lizzie, but was promptly disqualified by the stewards, and the race awarded to the favourite; Harry Boy being placed second. In a mile and a half handicap by given distances the final heat was between Mr. M. Parrott's Charlie (200 yards start), Mr. W. Chance's Jenny (200 yards start), and Mr. F. Penny's Starchy Jack (280 yards), who finished in the order given; Charlie winning easily by sixty yards.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

PARIS CELEBRATING THE REVOLUTION.

LETTER II.

THE influence of the French Revolution was universal, and the Exhibition held to celebrate its centenary thoroughly maintains its claim to represent the world, notwithstanding the abstention of certain Powers and the monarchical conspiracy directed against it. The only European countries which have officially recognised the Exhibition are Switzerland and Norway; but the countries represented include Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Austria, Greece, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Servia, Roumania, the little territory of Monaco, and the microscopic Republic of San Marino in the north of Italy. China, Japan, Persia, and Siam, though not Republics, have recognised the Exhibition officially. India is well represented by a serai erected at the expense of a tea company; Africa, in addition to the French Colonies, is represented by the Transvaal, the Cape (both officially), Egypt, and Morocco. New Zealand and Victoria have also recognised the Exhibition; and New South Wales, as an advanced democratic colony, has done the same—only it has sent no exhibits. All the countries of the American continent have their sections and pavilions—the United States, Mexico, Nicaragua, Colombia, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Ecuador, Guatemala, Hayti, Paraguay, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela—all except impoverished Peru.

The Effect of the Boycott.

The monarchical countries on the Continent, while they came to the conclusion that they could not consistently recognise the Exhibition, gave subsidies to private committees or facilities to exhibitors. But England held aloof entirely. Whatever difference of opinions may exist regarding the French Revolution, a great Exhibition, where the countries of the world compete with each other and place their produce side by side, has a commercial significance which we, as the leading commercial nation, cannot overlook. Sir James Fergusson says that the Revolution "is a subject on which French parties are still divided." There may be a few isolated individuals in France who still hanker after the ancient régime and an age of despotism, just as there are people in England who do not sympathise with the "glorious Revolution" which planted the Guelphs on the throne; but of "French parties" not one would desire to see the work of the Revolution undone. Many regret that it should have been accompanied by so much bloodshed, but its excesses were due in no small measure to the determined attempt made to suppress it by the monarchs of the day. France has suffered more from these excesses than any other country, while all the world has benefited from the great principles which the Revolution enunciated, and the lessons which it taught.

Britain Behind.

The British section has suffered from the action of the Government. Everyone connected with the different departments, experiences it, and our exhibits prove it. However humiliating it may be we must frankly admit, that we are far behind. Our exhibits do nothing like justice to our commerce and manufactures. But how could they? How could we compete with countries like the United States, which nominated an official commission to organise their section, and voted £50,000 towards it? Or with Belgium, which was not so shortsighted as to decline to support the Exhibition, but gave £40,000 as a subsidy to enable their manufacturers to make a good show! There have been a good many Exhibitions lately, and manufacturers now require some pressure and encouragement to take part in them. But instead of encouraging them we fined them for their trouble, and have extracted some £20,000 from exhibitors for their installations. The result was that many of our leading engineers and manufacturers are not represented at all. We occupy less than half the space that we did in the Exhibition of 1878. We pride ourselves on the excellence of our machines, but

In the Machinery Section we are Nowhere.

Belgium is ahead of us, and the United States placed alongside us beats us hollow. The contrast is humiliating. In the United States section every machine is new or shows some improvement, and nearly all are in motion. In our section, hardly anything is running, and most of our machines might as well have been in the last Exhibition. This illustrates the difference between the two sections. Many of our leading makers are not represented at all.

The American Section

was organised by a gentleman who has been officially attached to every great Exhibition since 1855, and who canvassed manufacturers, and would take nothing which did not show some improvement. The other American sections are organised on the same principle. There is a paid practical man in charge of each section. There is also a staff of experts, who will send reports to the Government on the whole Exhibition, and a Commission over all, to look after things generally. We are not so far behind in our exhibition of manufactured articles, though it is nothing to boast of. If there is not competition among exhibitors, there cannot be a great choice of exhibits. For instance, when Brinsmead found that he had no rival in the exhibition of English-made pianos, he would have liked to withdraw. The only section which is at all representative is

Our Fine-Art Show.

There we have an excellent collection of modern British paintings. On the other hand, though we excel in our horticultural buildings, and though our great orchid-growers and nurserymen export largely to France, we have not a single exhibitor in the horticultural and arboricultural section which occupies the park of the Trocadéro. Over thirty greenhouses have been erected there by exhibitors, but it would have been easy to find a builder in England who could have beat them all.

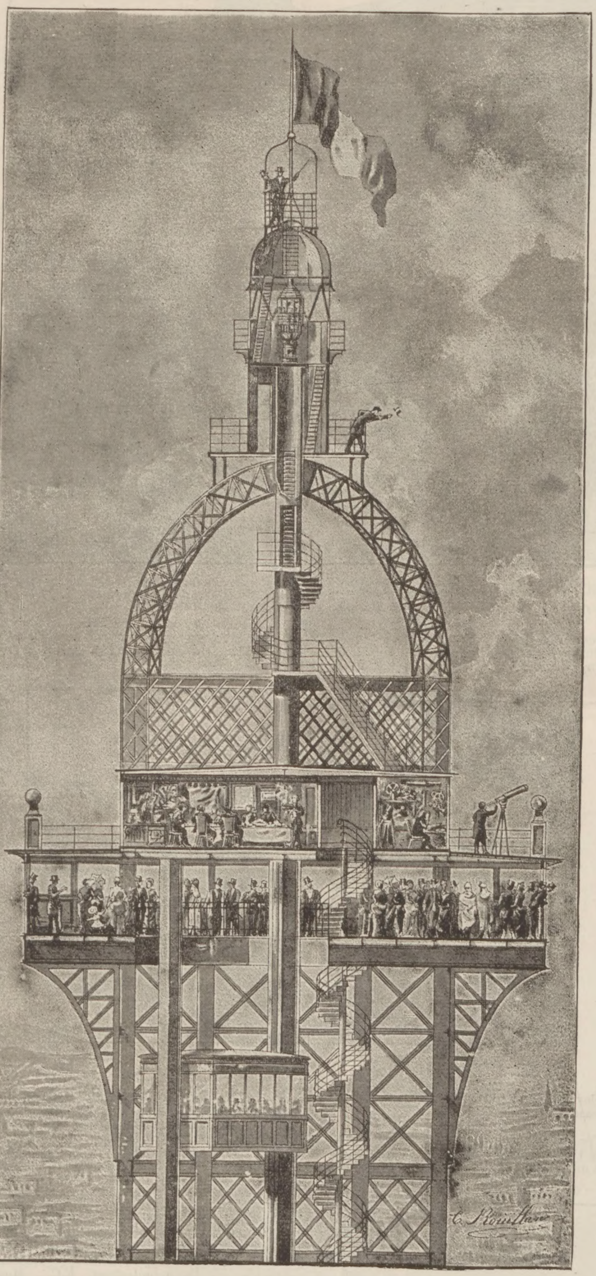
The Men but not the Money.

We are left behind simply because we had not the money. A private committee did not give our section that prestige which a Government commission would have commanded, nor could any great amount of money be found without Government aid. As it is we have done wonders. Placed at a similar disadvantage no other nation could have done so well. Our executive committee deserve all praise. Notably the services of Sir Polydore de Keyser, Mr. Trueman Wood and Mr. J. Humber Donaldson have been most valuable. Sir Polydore was the head of the British Commission and has been most liberal in his support and untiring in his efforts. Mr. Wood, as the *commissionaire delegué*, has worked very hard in organising the section; and Mr. Donaldson has not only been one of the most active members of the committee, but gratuitously superintended the decorations of the Industrial Court, designed a magnificent façade for it, and obtained all the material at cost price.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EIFFEL TOWER IN A STORM.

THE magnificent view of Paris to be obtained from the first stage of the Eiffel Tower has yet to be described by our Paris Correspondent. The view we print of the summit of this grand structure, which towers to a height of about 1000 ft., may add to the interest with which our readers will peruse the following account (communicated by Mrs. Crawford to the *Daily News*) of the terrible storm which shortly after six o'clock last Sunday evening visited Paris. The description was given to Mrs. Crawford by a friend who happened just then to be on the second platform of the Eiffel Tower, at a height of 380 ft. :—



SUMMIT OF THE EIFFEL TOWER—SECTION. DRAWN BY M. ROUILLARD.

Below the weather was sultry and heavy. People sought relief on the tower, which was more crowded even than on the preceding Sundays. The lift up to the first platform kept going up and down without intermission, taking fifty passengers at a time. I had to wait for half-an-hour, while four batches of passengers were being taken up from the first to the second floor. I preferred the staircase. Even on the second platform the air was close and sultry, although down in the Champ de Mars it must have been still worse. The sky above was overcast and of a uniform dark grey colour. There were flashes of lightning, but they probably took place at a great height, as the thunder was scarcely heard. Suddenly a great column of dust rose in a square about half a mile off, and the next moment the wind veered from north-west to south-west, and clouds of dust swirled up from the Champ de Mars, as high as the first platform of the tower.

It had now become a furious gale, which seemed likely to blow us off our legs. Everybody on the tower fled to the leeward side for shelter. The crowd down below were now thoroughly alarmed, and streamed to the galleries, or under the awning near the Jena Bridge in an incredibly short space of time, part of the awning being meanwhile torn off. Paris was shrouded in a black pall of dust, above which the crest of Montmartre emerged like a rock on the waters. Scarcely had the duststorm subsided, when the thunderstorm came upon us with full force. I ventured to the windward, but could scarcely keep upright. So far as I could judge - for the rain was blinding—the whole panorama to the south-west was hidden. The most curious sight seen from the sheltered platform was the rain pouring below us and drifting away.

THERE is a dainty little American story by Thomas Bailey Aldrich which my readers ought to know. It is called "Marjorie Daw" (David Douglas, 1s.). A portrait of the heroine will be found on the cover. She is swaying in a hammock and reading a book the while; but you will never find out, alas, what book she is reading. Now, I am going to be more communicative than Mr. Aldrich. My young lady above is reading one of Scott's novels. She cannot have been reading "Robert Elsmere," for she would be asleep; or Browning's "Sordello," for she would appear mystified; or Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," for she would have the look of the "superior person"; nor can she have been perusing one of the countless volumes of latter-day fiction. Do they not give an air of inanity? No, she is a healthy-minded girl, and healthy-minded girls, and boys too, and men and women, will read and enjoy Scott's novels till the crack of doom.

* * * * *

It is a long time since there was a "Life of Schiller" in the English language. Carlyle's biography was published sixty-four years ago at the dawn of Schiller-worship; Professor Nevinson's little book ("Great Writer Series: Walter Scott," 1s.) is issued, one imagines, well-nigh at its decline. Excepting enthusiastic German school-girls, no one thinks quite so much of Schiller now as formerly. He is, perhaps, as much read, but

not so much worshipped. In Goethe's writings we find an invigorating and sustaining power which Schiller's plays and poems cannot give. And yet how much of greatness and of stimulus he possesses only those can know who have gone through the bracing experience of Schiller-worship. "That Schiller went away early," wrote Goethe, "is for us also a gain. From his tomq there comes to us an impulse, strengthening us, as with the breath of his own might, and awakening a most earnest longing to fulfil lovingly, and more and more, the work that he began. So in all that he willed to do, and in all that he fulfilled, he shall live on for ever, for his own nation and for mankind."

* * * * *

To those of my readers who do not know German I should like to recommend the handsome volume of Schiller's "Poems and Plays" which Messrs. George Routledge and Sons have sent me. It is a complete edition, although, of course, it does not contain the historical and philosophical writings of the poet. Instead of being a mere hack-work translation such as too often justifies Moritz Haupt's paradox, "Translation is the death of understanding," it is a collection of the best translations of the great German. Lord Lytton's translations of the poems are given, and Coleridge's splendid rendering of "Wallenstein," whilst we have "Monk" Lewis's version of "Cabal and Love." Altogether Messrs. Routledge's "Schiller" is a book for the English student to buy. From the crudeness of "The Robbers" to the wondrous beauties of the "Song of the Bell" and the fine style of "William Tell," there is so much to enchant and to fascinate. Some of us would not willingly miss from literature such poems as "The Diver," "The Fight with the Dragon," and "The Gods of Greece."—TATLER.

Lady Randolph Churchill's Russian Experiences are chattily recounted in the opening Number of Mr. Archibald Groves's bright new sixpenny monthly, the *New Review*. Here's a sample of this charming lady's style:—"The etiquette of the Russian Court is much less rigid in some respects than it is in England or in Germany. It is not the custom there to treat the members of the Imperial family with so much deference as in other European Courts; no lady would think of curtseying to a young Grand Duke, and would only rise when the Empress did, or when the Emperor first entered a room. The ladies, when making their obeisance, bow as an officer might, which, with the present style of dress, is even more ungraceful than the English 'bob'—our apology for a low curtsey. The men, on the other hand, are very deferential, particularly to ladies. At a dinner, when a guest is announced, the host rushes forward and kisses her hand, proceeding to introduce all the men present. It is then your duty, if a stranger, to ask to be presented to every lady, and this entails calling on them all, personally, next day. Before dinner, the party pass into another room, where at a table covered with every imaginable *hors d'œuvre* and *liqueur*, they partake, standing, of the 'Sacouska,' as it is called—an excellent dish, but a dinner in itself."

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Signalmen, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

This, of course, is the racing season. Not a week passes without important races being run, and already others, no less important, are advertised as far ahead as July and August. The annual record-breaking has begun, as, for example, at Paddington on May 22, when W. C. Jones beat H. E. Laurie's quarter-mile record by 3 4-5 sec., and at Coventry on May 20, when W. A. Illston reduced F. J. Osmond's two-miles record by 10 sec.

But there are many men who care a great deal more for a day's quiet run into the country than for all the races and records in the world. And probably one reason why cycling so quickly became popular in London is because from the metropolis so many easy and beautiful day's rides are to be had.

The Ripley-Road.

The best and most popular road is the Ripley; and not only is the surface of the road good, but the scenery on the way is exceptionally pretty and picturesque. The easiest route from the centre of London is Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, High-street, Kensington, Hammersmith-road, Bridge-street, over the bridge to Mortlake, to Richmond, through the park to Kingston, where you had better ask your way the first time you take the ride, for it is a little puzzling through the town, and after Kingston, you come out on the Ripley-road.

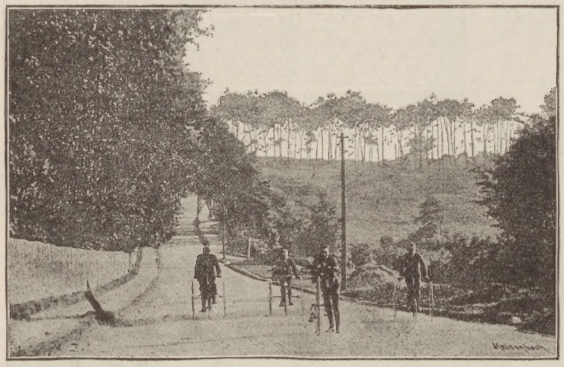
Its great charm is that there is little by the way, except the cyclists, to remind you that you are so near London. With its beautiful pine-woods and quiet pools, it is in places almost wild. And the village of Ripley is delightfully picturesque, and at the pretty gabled Anchor you are sure of a good dinner, and, if you take the ride on Sunday, of good company. After dinner there is service in the near church. And then the thing to do is to start off in the cool of the afternoon for tea at the Angel in Ditton, and then ride quietly back, or "scorch" if you like it better, to town, and if you manage to get home by nine or a little after, you will not just now have to light your lamp. The distance to Ripley is about twenty miles.

Mr. R. W. Thomas, of the Citizens' Studio, 121, Cheapside, has kindly let me use some of the photographs he has made of the best known places on the road. I give this week the Angel at Ditton, famous for its teas; and the Horseshoe Clump, just outside of Ripley, no less famous to Ripley-road men; also The Hut, similarly well known to Cyclists.

THE ANGEL, AT THAMES DITTON.

(This and the other Views are from the Photographs by Mr. R. W. Thomas, Citizens' Studio, Cheapside.)

For a short tour, I know of none pleasanter than the ride from Ripley to Guildford, where you must be sure to look at the almshouses and then to Salisbury for a glance at another cathedral. This is a delightful two or three days' run.



HORSESHOE CLUMP, NEAR RIPLEY.

THE HUT.

As there is a chance that under the New Railway and Canal Traffic Act the railway companies will increase their already high charges for carrying cycles, the National Cyclists' Union intends to do all in its power to make them agree to a reasonable and fixed tariff. But the matter will have to be brought before the Board of Trade, and a heavy expense will be incurred. The N.C.U. therefore asks for contributions from all cyclists who are interested in the question—and all cyclists without exception ought to be. Whoever wants to contribute can send his money to Mr. A. R. Sheppee, honorary treasurer, N.C.U., 57, Basinghall-street, E.C. Money contributed to this cause will be money well spent.

The principal cycling event, outside of the racing world, of late has been the triumphal progress of the American tourists through Ireland and England. The Irish cyclists gave them a tremendous reception, and the English wheelmen are showing themselves no less cordial. Mr. Elwell's is certainly the biggest tour on record.

The International Races at Berlin are announced for June 16 and 17. Safeties are barred from all bicycle races; but are provided for separately. A gold medal will be given to any rider holding a new German record at the end of the meeting. The winners are to choose their own prizes. The entrance-fee to each race, except championships, is five shillings, and the races are open to amateurs of all countries. They are to be run under N.C.U. and German C.U. rules.

The championship race-meeting at North Shields comes off on June 25, 26, and 27; and valuable prizes are offered for the ten-miles professional championship of the world, half-mile professional handicap, five-miles amateur safety championship of the world, half-mile ordinary amateur handicap, and a one-mile safety amateur handicap.

Saturday, Aug. 31, is the day announced for the Spartan Harriers' annual athletic sports at Stamford-bridge.

The Curative Powers of Harness' Electropathic Battery Belt cannot be too widely known. It is the only bona-fide genuine galvanic belt recommended by thousands (see testimonials) as a simple, natural, and speedy cure for all rheumatic and nervous affections, impaired vitality, liver and kidney diseases, ladies' ailments, &c. Pamphlet and advice may be had (gratis) personally or by letter, on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Medical Electrician, the Medical Battery Company (Ltd), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[Advr.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

II. LAW OF THE MARKET.

There is scarcely any branch of the law of which a knowledge is more often required than that relating to contracts. Last week Punch represented "Little Jones," who bought a "wonderfully smart hack for an absurdly low price." Jones only found out in the "Row" that the hack was a "buck jumper." It was depicted in great activity with poor Jones clinging to its mane.

What were the rights of the unfortunate Jones if he should ever find the rascally horsedealer? In the police-court news the other day we read how Mrs. Tomkins sought the advice of the Magistrate because, having bought and paid for a pair of dogs and taken it home, a rude neighbour claimed and captured it, saying the dog was his and had been stolen. Who had a right to the dog—Mrs. Tomkins or her neighbour?

Last Friday, too, farmer Blackacre went to the market-dinner at Aylesbury; he related how he had bought some manure and it had never been delivered; and he had been obliged to buy it at a higher price, elsewhere; and one farmer said Mr. Blackacre could have damages, and another thought not. Which was right?

These cases turn on the Law of Contracts, of which we may say what the clergy say of the poor, and politicians of the Irish question—it is always with us. This law of contract has many branches. There are, for example, contracts as to the sale and letting of land and houses; contracts for personal services, contracts as to the loan of money, and lastly, contracts as to the sale of goods. The cases which we referred to were of this last character, and in a "nation of shopkeepers," as Napoleon I. called us, such cases are always occurring.

We have called this chapter the "Law of the Market," since it relates to the sale of goods. The other classes of contract may be dealt with afterwards. Here let us discuss the sale of goods.

If Brown goes into the shop of Smith, the clockmaker, and selects a clock, agrees and pays the price, and takes it away, no more being done or agreed, what does the law imply? Two things. Firstly, that Smith was the owner entitled to sell the clock; and secondly, that the clock had no hidden defect making it unfit for the ordinary purpose of a timepiece. If now it should turn out that the clock was not a very exact timekeeper, Brown will have to keep his bargain because there was no express warranty on that point. But if the clock will not go at all it is useless. Let Brown return it, and claim his money. Vary the case. Imagine Smith warrants the clock, verbally only, to go well for a year, and with ordinary usage it breaks down in six months and proves useless. Here if Smith admits the warranty, or Brown can prove it, in the County Court Judge, then Brown is entitled to damages which the Judge would fix at the cost of repairing the clock. But if Brown were to claim damages eighteen months after he had bought the clock, and allege a "Nay, the warranty, the Judge would say: "Nay, the warranty must be in writing, signed by Smith, because it is for more than a year, and contracts, not to be completed within a year, cannot be enforced unless in writing.

Now take the case of Farmer Blackacre's manure, so fiercely debated at the Aylesbury "ordinary." If a lawyer were there, he would have asked some questions before deciding the point.

He would have wanted, for example, to know whether the agreed price was above or below £10; for, if above that sum, then the law requires Farmer Blackacre to show either that the manure-merchant signed a memorandum, agreeing to sell it, or that a deposit was paid, or that part of the manure was actually delivered. If there had been no agreement for credit, the farmer could have no cause of complaint unless he had tendered the price. If the fault lay with the railway company, or other carriers whom the farmer had to pay, then the manure merchant could not be held liable, for the railway company were in law the farmer's own agents. If the merchant had employed and paid the carriers, of course he would be liable for non-delivery, as they would be his agents. It is prudent always to have a sale-note or receipt for a deposit in such cases, expressing the terms of the contract. An honest men will then often be saved from a misunderstanding, if not a law suit.

LEX.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The Equipment Question.

At last the Lord Mayor has issued his invitation to the world of London to subscribe for the complete equipment of the Metropolitan regiments, and very kindly the War Office has tried to make the running for his Lordship by publishing an important circular which indicates what the Commander-in-Chief considers is required, and how it is to be provided. No one will question the purely patriotic ideas of the Lord Mayor, though it had been suggested to him even by the War Office that he had better turn his attention to providing rifle ranges, for which it is probable that the citizens would much more readily have come forward with their money. As it is, he has £20,000 with which to procure the equipment stock, which he estimates will cost £85,000. And the stock he requires consists of great-coats, water-bottles, haversacks, mess-tins, undress-tunics, extra trousers, valises, boots, and knife and lanyard. The Commander-in-Chief says the coat, haversack, water-bottle, and mess-tin can be obtained out of [illegible]ent Government grant; the boots, knife, [illegible]nd a blanket could be obtained with the two [illegible] per head which would be issued by the Government on embodiment; and his Royal Highness says nothing at all about the undress tunic and [illegible] extra trousers, which would hardly be wanted at [illegible] in the sharp and brief campaign of hurling back [illegible]. So, if we take the Commander-in-[Chief's] showing, all the really essential articles the Lord Mayor proposes to supply are provided for [illegible] the grants.

What are Metropolitan Corps?

The Lord Mayor bases his £85,000 estimate upon the assertion that there are forty-three metropolitan corps to be considered, and I have come to the con[clusion] that he must reckon for twenty-eight in [Middl]esex, five in the City, five in Surrey, three in the Tower Hamlets, and two in Essex. This throws out three battalions in Surrey—one is certainly so far off as Dorking—three or four in North-West Kent, and one in South-West Middlesex. On the other hand, if any of these are included, then, to get the forty-three, we must throw out others which certainly ought to be taken in; and anyhow the three Surrey corps left out in the cold as outside the Metropolitan limit are certainly down in the mobilisation scheme for the defence of London, and ought to be worthy of their hire as represented by the Lord Mayor's boots and trousers. The fact is, his Lordship's well-meaning scheme was never wanted. It has never proposed more than to do what the War Office is already doing, or has undertaken as a liability. Its best argument was that it proposed to complete equipment at once; and now even that reason is cut away, for it is suggested that payment of subscriptions may be spread over five years. Why, the War Office would have done the work in the time! Still, if his Lordship gets the other £65,000 we shall all be glad of a picking.

The Camping Season.

To-day a very large number of corps, especially in the North of England, go under canvas, taking advantage of the Whitsuntide holiday to make an easy week for business. But though the number of corps out will be large, it is doubtful if so many men will be with their battalions as in former seasons. When the Brigade system was introduced the Government should have concurrently entertained the necessity of increasing the amount of money spent on camp training; but instead of this it has rather been sought to reduce expenditure. There are to be several Defence Brigade Camps, but the War Office will only pay for half the enrolled strength of each corps, and so the result, in comparison with last year, will be not quite so "broad as it is long." But I hear that the Secretary for War is beginning to think there has been too much economy, and too little organisation, and is even thinking of reviving the Aldershott Volunteer week.

The Last Wimbledon Meeting

is only four weeks off, and already the wood and canvas for the camp are making their appearance on the common. Those handy fellows, the Royal Marines, have been for more than a week encamped near the N.R.A. storehouses, and so Volunteers will not be surprised to hear that the Pavilion and the offices are all up, and that the targets are being placed in position. The Association, as may be supposed, is spending as little as possible upon renewals, saving money for next year's commencement at Bisley, or Brookwood, for the name seems hardly settled as yet. By-the-way, it seems very strange that the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wantage, and everybody else should have been so silent at the recent meeting as to the class-firing ranges which the Council now contemplate, but which formerly they declined. In view of what other people are doing the great Association should speak out plainly and honestly.

Grand Shooting.

Talking of targets and rifle meetings reminds me that Corporal H. Brown, of Cuckfield, has made the extraordinary score of 102 points out of a possible 105, in shooting as a member of the English Twenty Club.

The Severn Brigade Command

has been given to Colonel Patton, of the Taunton Battalion, who will thus be at the head of a brigade composed of his own corps, and the battalions of Weston-super-Mare, Newport (Mon.), Pontypool (two), Bristol, and Swansea. Colonel Patton has commanded his corps just nine years, and is now a Volunteer Brigadier-General.

The Metropolitan Tournament.

After a long try, extending over four nights, the following metropolitan men have been selected to represent the Metropolitan and Home District Volunteers at the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall:—Fencing, Private Nunn, Queen's Westminster, and Bombardier Grant, 3rd Middlesex Artillery; single-stick, Private Stevens, 19th Middlesex, and Sergeant Cowell, Artists'; sabre v. bayonet, Private James, Queen's, and Corporal Pratt, 3rd Middlesex Artillery; bayonet v. bayonet, Gunner Paget, 3rd Middlesex Artillery, and Colour-Sergeant Whitehead, 1st Surrey.

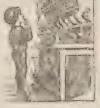
EYES FRONT.

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

Flowers that bid us admire them are many, and flowers that warn us by sting or prickle or smell to keep "hands off" are not a few; but what shall we say to a plant that tries all it can to make us laugh? Ah, you boys and girl may never have seen one, but there is a flower which is as good as an illustrated comic paper. It is called the caricature plant. Glance at it carelessly and you would see little calling for attention, but watch it closely and you will see it screw up its leaves—dark green with light yellow middles—till lo and behold! each one is making faces at you. Here a side face with a long, bent nose; there a full face with a great broad grin from ear to ear, or a dreadful squint, enough to make one blink to look at it. The blossoms are of a purple colour. Botanists tell us it is a fairly hardy plant; if it were grown in our cottage gardens how many schoolboys and schoolgirls, loitering to look over the fence, would come in for a "late mark"!

* * * * *

When the winter is really over and gone, half the big shops, at all events the linen-drapers', are covered with great placards—"Clearance Sale Now On!" "Great Bargains! Must be cleared!" and so forth. But I have not noticed any such custom among the sellers of eatables. How nice it would be if the sweet-stuff sellers were to offer their goods in the same manner! "100 lb. of almond rock; 50 boxes of chocolate creams. Must be cleared. Two Days' Sale Only!" How the boys and girls would rush to that shop! How the pennies would rattle on that counter! But unfortunately such clearance sales never do take place, except perhaps when the business is going to be closed. The reason is not far to seek. Sweetmeats do not go out of fashion like last year's hats and dresses. Who ever heard of toffee, or candy, or hardbake, going out of fashion? It is the same with the chemists who make up our prescriptions. What need have they for making a grand clearance when spring or autumn comes round?



* * * * *

Here, however, is a story of an American house-wife who thought otherwise. Her spring cleaning was nearly done. Only the top room in the house remained. There she found a forgotten medicine-chest. Raising the dusty lid, she looked in; a goodly assortment met her eyes. "Why, how long can these things have been lying here?" she commented, taking up one packet after another. "Any ways, they must be used up, for I want the box for something else. Here's quinine; that's strengthening: that'll do for Lizzie. Liz, come here; I want you!" she called. "Cod-liver oil—dear me! half-a-bottle left. Well, Freddy will take it; he's a dear good boy for taking medicine. Ah! here's Sarah's cough-mixture—what she had last winter. She must finish it." So the clearance went on, the determined old woman allotting a portion of the packages to each of her household and reserving the remainder for herself. Let us hope that, as the doctors say, nature did not rebel.

It is curious to notice how differently children regard reptiles and other creeping things. Some will cry "Ugh!" and sidle off at the very sight of a wet-fingered frog or newt; while others keep these very creatures as pets, and pass hours in watching their ways and movements. Often it is not a child's own fault that he or she dreads the sight, for grown-up friends have so often shown fear or dislike that little people get to imitate them. Once, as I was walking home with a party of friends along an asphalted pavement, on the outskirts of London, a little girl who was with us was terribly afraid lest a frog should hop out upon her. It was a bitterly cold evening in *winter!* Alas, for poor froggy if he had come out on such a night! On the other hand, I have known a school where the boys use to pet slow-worms and keep them in their pockets. Slow-worms are harmless, but they crawl and twist about just like snakes.

* * * * *

Stories of heroism are always welcome, whether the brave hearts are English or otherwise. Here is one that comes from Pennsylvania, in the United States. Some short time ago a cyclone or great storm of wind swept over the town of Pittsburgh. We, in this country, can have little idea of what a wind like this can do. It shook a great building, seven storeys high, so violently that it toppled over and came crashing down on the shops and smaller houses beneath it. Instantly all was horror and confusion—men, women, and children shouting or screaming among the ruins. Many were crushed and wounded, others were almost unhurt, though made prisoners by the falling beams and brick-work. At such times all but the coolest of the onlookers lose their wits and rush hither and thither, not knowing what to do. There was one man named Piersol, the mate of a steam-boat, who kept his presence of mind. He set himself to direct the crowd how to help. And when a great chimney-stack close by threatened to fall on the workers he climbed a tottering bit of wall underneath it, and, at the risk of being crushed himself, dragged the whole mass down.

* * * * *

Down in the cellar, with a great beam fallen across his breast, lay a poor little messenger-boy. He was badly hurt, but not dead; and two brave fellows, one an Irish labourer and the other a Roman Catholic priest, knelt beside him. Assistance was at hand, but a bulging wall above them threatened to fall before the rescuers arrived. The priest suddenly saw it falling. He dashed the labourer aside to save him, and himself bent over the boy that he might receive the crushing mass upon his own back and thus lessen slightly the shock to the child. Little did the townspeople think that morning, as they went to their business or their pleasure-making, what would happen before night. Little did those brave men think they would be called upon to do and to dare such things. It is pleasant to think that when the call came there were heroes ready to answer.

COUSIN BENEDICT.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

[illegible] TO-DAY OF PERRY DAVIS' [illegible] the Oldest and Best Family Medicine. It instantly Relieves and Cures severe [illegible], Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, [illegible] the side, Joints, and Limbs, and all Neuralgic [and Rheu]matic Pains. Taken internally Cures at [illegible], Sudden Colds, Cramp in Stomach, Colic, [illegible] and Cholera [illegible]. It affords Relief [illegible]. Of all Chemists at [illegible]

EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND BY STEAMER.

FREE PASSAGES [illegible] to FEMALE SERVANTS [illegible] Cooks, &c. [illegible] and thirty-five [illegible] for ship kit, and fare [illegible] are in great demand [illegible] wages from £20 to £50 per [illegible] and lodging. An experienced [illegible] companies each steamer, and, on arrival, [illegible] are received into the Government depôt, [illegible] Passages [illegible] approved [illegible] navvies. [illegible] passage, handbooks, [illegible] obtained on appli[cation] [illegible] FOR QUEENSLAND, [illegible] street, London, S.W. [illegible] for their own passages to the [illegible] LAND ORDER WARRANTS. [illegible] Particulars to be obtained from the ship[illegible] booking the passengers, or from the [Agent-G]eneral for Queensland.

NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE. GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE. The reputation of nearly a century as the most reliable preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Platinoid, &c. Dazzling Mirror Finish. Distinguished for its simple, cleanly, rapid, and permanent properties. Sold Everywhere. In 6d. and 1s. Pots; 2d. and 1d. Tins; and 1d. cardboard Boxes. Inventors and Sole Manufacturers, JOSEPH PICKERING and SONS, SHEFFIELD. London Office, 79, [illegible].

WANTED PERSONS TO ACCEPT [illegible] orders, their own [illegible] linen, notepaper, &c. [illegible] Enclose four stamps to defray [illegible] all kinds of Rubber Stamps, to MACKINTOSH and CO., 58, Finsbury-[illegible], London, E.C.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. New Partnership. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
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American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS' ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

BUTLER'S VIOLINS, with Bow, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., and 40s.; without case, 10s., 15s., 20s., 30s., 40s., to £10. Largest assortment in the Kingdom.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

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WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years' warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.

500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.

150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

BENZINE COLLAS. Ask for "COLLAS." CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES. CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES. CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS. Buy "Collas." REMOVES TAR, OIL.—PAINT, GREASE. REMOVES TAR, OIL.—PAINT, GREASE. FROM FURNITURE.—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS. Try "Collas." See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap. Extra refined, nearly odourless. On using becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS. Ask for "COLLAS" Preparation and take no other. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle. Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, W.

Fan .... "The Flowers that bloom, &c." .... *Mikado.*

For the pimples that bloom in the spring, tra la,
And make such a mess of your face,
A Beecham's the very best thing, tra la,
To cure them and leave not a trace, tra la,
So deal right away with the case.
And that's what I mean when I say and I sing
"Oh! pills for the pimples that come in the spring,
Tra la la la la! Tra la la la la!
Oh pills for the pimples of spring!"

Holman's Liver and Stomach Pad. Absorbs all impurities from the blood. Invigorates and vitalizes the whole system.

Holman's Liver and Stomach Pads. Cure Biliousness, Indigestion, Jaundice, Diarrhœa, Malaria, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, &c.

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Holman's Liver and Stomach Pad. Prevents Sea-Sickness, Cholera, Smallpox, [illegible] Yellow, Typhus, Typhoid, and Bilious Fevers.

All Chemists.—Or sent on receipt of PRICE, 10s.

HOLMAN PAD CO., 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over ONE HUNDRED YEARS, and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post, 34 stamps, from SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For particulars and sample, inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Birmingham.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post-free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post-free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post-free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—No. II.

Its Architectural Unity.

NEWCASTLE is not nearly so large, nor has it anything like the population of Manchester, or of Sheffield. But coming direct from either of these towns into Newcastle, you are at once favourably impressed. Sheffield straggles; Manchester is the city of slums; neither seems to have any centre which you can fix in your mind as being essentially typical. Now, the idea you immediately get of Newcastle is that it has a fine architectural unity, and there are reasons for this.

Modern Newcastle Begins with Grainger.

Prior to 1823 nearly all the houses were built of brick. Then a new departure was taken. Newcastle conceived the felicitous idea of building unto itself a stone jail, a huge structure which continues to serve its original purpose. Shortly after this Richard Grainger appeared on the scene. Grainger was a dreamer of visions of ideal cities. He was, moreover, a builder and contractor, with practical ideas of realising his dreams. With Grainger the architectural stone age and the architectural unity of Newcastle begin. It is estimated that during one period of five years he built streets—always in massive stone—to the extent of a million sterling. Richard Grainger was the inaugurator of Modern Newcastle.

The Maker of Modern Newcastle.

Grainger, like other great men, began in the painfully conventional way by being born of poor but honest parents. His father was a porter, his mother a glove-maker. He was educated at a charity school—St. Andrew's. He served his apprenticeship to a respectable house-carpenter named Brown. He gradually discovered his talents, and improved his position, and presently married a Miss Arundale with £5000. His building operations soon became extensive. He began Eldon-square, an imposing structure of stone, in 1826. Then he built Leazes-terrace, a magnificent range of seventy houses, also in stone, exhibiting architectural features never before attempted in Newcastle. He was inspired by one great design after another. He built, besides innumerable streets, a new market, a new theatre, new banks, a new Exchange. His ideas, in fact, outran the progress of the town; Clayton-street, which he constructed, long remained tenantless and deserted. But aided as he was by the well-known architect Dobson, he realised to a great extent in Newcastle-on-Tyne his ideas of civic magnificence. This distinguished man was born in the first year of the century, and died, universally respected, on July 4, 1861.

A Very Classical City.

Grainger's tastes ran in the direction of the classical. Consequently Newcastle is, architecturally speaking, a very classical place. One of Grainger's most notable achievements is Grey-street, the chief thoroughfare of the city, and one of the most striking in the kingdom. Grey-street runs curve-wise down a slope. It has a splendid architectural sweep. The lofty monument to Earl Grey, Prime Minister at the passing of the Reform Bill, crowns the summit. About half-way down is the Theatre Royal. It has a portico of six massive Corinthian columns, surmounted by an enriched pediment, designed after the Parthenon at Rome. Opposite you have an imposing façade on the model of the Temple of Illysus at Athens. Higher up is the "Central Exchange," which serves as a reading-room and place of entertainment, designed after the Corinthian Temple of Vesta at Tivoli. Then there are Shakspeare-street, Market-street, Hood-street, cross-streets to Grey-street, in Ionic and Latin; and close at hand "The Arcade," in Doric. Surely this is classicality sufficient! All these owe their existence to Grainger.

The Railway Arch and Sandhill.

Proceeding down Grey-street you come to Dean-street, spanned at the foot by a lofty railway arch, so remarkable in height and sweep that it requires a practical engineer to have faith in its stability. Standing in the side, and looking towards the railway arch, it serves as a picture-frame for the beautiful old tower of the cathedral church of St. Nicholas. Proceeding into the Sandhill you encounter many characteristic bits of old Newcastle. You might here readily imagine yourself in one of those factitious purlieus of lath and paper denominated Old Streets, which the cheerful visitor has wandered through in every Exhibition that has been opened of recent years. Sandhill is fancifully old. Here you have in plenty Elizabethan-looking houses, one storey expanding above another, with pilasters and projecting corbels, and curious small-paned windows extending the entire length of each storey. Not less curious and interesting are the carved oak panelling and mantelpieces of the quaint interiors, and these houses have had their adventures, their love episodes. One gallant, handsome young Mr. Jack Scott, afterwards known to fame as the great Lord Eldon, planted a ladder against that which is now No. 41, on the night of Nov. 8, 1772; and down this ladder descended a wicked young lady named Miss Bessy Surtees, who bolted with him to Blackshields, on the wicked old Scottish border, where they were incontinently married next day. No. 33 is said to be the town residence of the ill-fated Lord Derwentwater.

The Old Wall.

Newcastle abounds in ancient relics. Much of the town wall is standing. Probably the last time it was prepared for purposes of defence was in 1745, when the Pretender threatened the town. One of the principal portions is found between Westgate-road and St. Andrew's Church. Here there is a long stretch of wall in fair condition. With little pointed entrances every here and there, and turrets from which sentry signalled to sentry, it is singularly interesting and suggestive of the old-world life of Newcastle.

The Parks of Newcastle.

Newcastle, like other industrial centres, has undergone extraordinary transformations. It was not always the treeless, smoke-ridden spot it now is. The walls surrounded many gracious old gardens and tree-filled closes. But Newcastle is now famous for its parks. It has its Leazes Park, its Elswick Park, its Jesmond Dene, its Heaton Park—all in close proximity to the town. Jesmond Dene and Heaton Park Newcastle owes to the munificence of Lord Armstrong, the famous inventor of the "Armstrong gun." In both parks the landscape-gardener is conspicuous by his presence. People compare Jesmond Dene favourably with the romantic and beautiful gorge at Rothbury, near the head of which Lord Armstrong has erected his picturesque residence, known as Cragside. Jesmond Dene and Heaton Park, which are continuous, are places to explore. The same stream, the Ouseburn, runs through both; and here are to be found St. Mary's Well, and the remains of Our Lady's Chapel and King John's Palace. Three sides of a square [illegible] covered with ivy are all that now bear witness [illegible] the palace. One of the pleasantest spots in Heaton Park is the Tower, standing [illegible]. When Sir Matthew White Ridley, one of the most popular men of the Conservative [illegible], owner of the Heaton estate, this tower was presented to him by his tenants and friends. Certainly, everyone who pays a visit to Newcastle should not fail to see its wonderful parks.

(To be continued.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: RAILWAY ARCH ACROSS DEAN-STREET.

OLD TOWN WALL NEAR ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

OLD TOWER, HEATON PARK.

The Notorious Jounsar Man-eating Tigress has, writes the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times*, at last being killed by a young forest officer—Mr. Ormaston. This tigress has been the scourge of the neighbourhood of Chakratta for the last ten years, and her victims have been innumerable. Ormaston shot the tigress whilst she was mauling [illegible] attendant, who was sadly wounded.

Shot Dead at Brixton.—A young [illegible] woman named Caroline Chivers was shot dead [illegible] a revolver last Sunday morning, in the presence [illegible] her husband, at 60, Saltoun-road, Brixton. [illegible] revolver was fired by a young man named [illegible] who, on being arrested, stated that the affair was entirely an accident.

The Prince and Mr. Howard Vincent.—Colonel Howard Vincent, it is reported, has [illegible] received a letter from the Prince of Wales [illegible] in the friendliest terms, protesting that no harm was done by the crowd at the Horse Guards' Parade, and expressing the hope that he will forget any awkwardness in connection with the affair, as the good-natured Prince declares he himself will forthwith do.

Voyage of the Neversink.—The Cunard steamer Bothnia, which arrived at Queenstown on May [illegible], from New York, brought intelligence of a craft, measuring only 36 ft. over all, 30 ft. on the water-line, and 12 ft. beam, having sailed from Boston on May 20, with Captain Josiah W. Lawlor and [illegible] Hansen, a crew, and Edward S. McKenny, a [illegible] senger. She is named the Neversink, and a smaller yacht never before crossed the North Atlantic. [illegible] is yawl-rigged, and carries a mizzensail, mainsail, [illegible] sail, and jib. She also has a squaresail to take the place of the mainsail when running free before the wind, and is capable of spreading 700 square feet of canvas. The Neversink is so called because her designer, Captain Norton, of New York, believes that she will always float, however full of water she may become. Captain Lawlor, although he expects to reach Havre, which is the first port he will touch at within thirty days, has taken fifty days' provisions. The ultimate destination of the Neversink is the Paris Exhibition.

FASHION AND DRESSMAKING.—"MRS. LEACH'S FAMILY DRESSMAKER" for June is brimfull of novelties and fashions. The lesson on amateur dressmaking is particularly good, and the descriptions of the illustrations are full and practical. Price 2d.; and a pattern of a girl's summer dress is given away with "Mrs. Leach's Children's and Young Ladies' Dressmaker" for June, price 1d., containing fifty illustrations of latest fashions for all ages. All Newsagents; or the two books, four stamps. MRS. LEACH, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.—[ADVT.]

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

"The leafy month of June" has come round once more, and again Nature is clothed in her freshest and most richly-hued garments. How fast time flies, with the lover of rural sights and sounds at any rate, at this season! Only the other day we were anxiously expecting the chestnut buds to "break into the perfect fan," and now the bloom of this, the finest of all flowering trees, is over, as well as that of the sweet and homely lilac; while the May is fast losing its freshness, and even the "golden chains" are not so thickly hung with their brilliant racemes as they were a week ago. What an interesting study is that of our hardy trees, whether cultivated for their foliage or flowers, and what an infinite range of form and colouring they afford, from the lovely rose-pink of that harbinger of spring, the flowering almond, to the intense crimson of the crimson thorn, and from the delicate hue of the budding larch to the deep rich green of the chestnut and the still more sombre hue of the cedar and pine!

"Man never is, but always to be blessed."

THE GREAT WEATHER QUESTION.

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The planting out of all kinds of "bedding" subjects should have been brought to a close by the time these lines appear in print, and, if any more still remains to be done, it should be completed without delay. An exception may be made in the case of coleus, alternantheras, iresenes, and a few other very tender things, the second week in June being generally considered soon enough to expose these: but the season has, so far, been so genial, that in fairly warm and sheltered spots there need be little hesitation about transferring them to the open ground immediately. In addition to our geraniums (so-called), calceolarias, fuchsias, lobelias, and so forth, such eminently gay and useful annuals as asters, stocks, zinnias, French and African marigolds, petunias, verbenas, and others easily and cheaply raised from seed, also now demand transplantation to their flowering quarters. All these were, of course, raised either in a gentle hot-bed or in the green-house in March or April, subsequently "pricked off" singly into shallow boxes of rich soil or into frames filled with a few inches of the same, and are now demanding more space both at root and branch.

Asters

are simply invaluable, whether for filling small beds and aiding in the decoration of mixed borders, for supplying cut flowers, or for potting up for use in the conservatory and window-boxes, &c., in the autumn. The largest and most perfectly-formed blossoms are produced by the Victoria asters, which are unsurpassed for exhibition purposes, but grow rather tall—18 in. to 2 ft. or so. For bedding out, pot-work, and similar purposes, the most desirable is the dwarf chrysanthemum class, seldom exceeding 8 in. or 9 in. in height, and throwing a profusion of large, richly-coloured, and well-formed flowers. The peony-flowered and English quilled asters look well in the mixed border, and are good for cutting, but the habit is somewhat tall and straggling. To do them justice, asters need to be planted in very rich and deeply-worked soil, and should be plentifully supplied with water or liquid manure in hot weather until they come into bloom. What is known as

Sub-Tropical Gardening

is just now much in vogue. It certainly affords variety from the usual routine, and when judiciously carried out produces a delightfully rich and uncommon effect. Many regard this style as highly expensive and troublesome, but this is quite an erroneous idea, most of the subjects employed being easily and cheaply raised from seed with little or no artificial warmth, while others are perfectly hardy, and the whole of an unusually vigorous description. Granted a deep and well-manured soil, with plenty of moisture and a fairly fine season, and this class of plants will grow and flourish almost anywhere and under any circumstances, the only necessary precaution being to place them where they will be sheltered from strong winds, which often tear and injure the massive foliage. The plants generally employed in this connection are Indian Shot plants (Cannas), which are as easily preserved through the winter as dahlias; castor-oil plants (Ricinus), readily raised from seed sown in a hotbed in April, or in an ordinary green-house in May; Wigandias, which are hardy enough to be successfully wintered in a cool green-house or frame; maize or Indian corn, the striped variety being generally employed; solanums of the S. robustum type; giant hemp, a half-hardy annual; perilla nankiniensis, with copper-coloured foliage, and nicotianas or tobacco plants, which grow, without exaggeration, simply like weeds if planted in any good garden soil, and are as easily raised from seed sown in the green-house in April as anything I know of. In addition to the above there is a small army of fine-foliaged hardy plants of a similar character, among which may be mentioned the varieties of acanthus, funkias, gunneras, eryngiums, melianthus, rheums, and asparagus. The elegant aralia Sieboldi is also hardy in the more southern counties, and, with a slight protection in winter, quite safe in the Midlands, and the same may be said of the New Zealand flax (phorbium), and several varieties of bamboos.

Roses,

though undeniably later than usual, are advancing rapidly into bloom, and appear exceptionally clean and healthy. In spite of the unfavourable maturing season last year—for the quantity of flowers produced one season nearly always depends directly upon whether the growth was ripened or not the previous one—there are plenty of buds on the plants, and the prospect of a good rose season is an excellent one. A sharp look-out must be kept for aphis, or green fly, and also for that pest of the rose-grower, the caterpillar or grub. The former is best destroyed by syringing the trees with, or dipping the shoots in, water in which a handful of quassia chips has been boiled, and a little soft-soap stirred in whilst hot. Syringe the foliage thoroughly subsequently with clean water. The grub can only be got rid of by hand-picking. If very large blooms are desired, the buds should be thinned considerably, and an occasional soaking with liquid manure, not over strong, should be given in dry weather. The rose, beautiful as it is, is a hungry subject, and can scarcely receive too much nourishment. Very few of the hybrid perpetual class of roses are yet expanded; but against a warm wall that earliest, latest, and best of all roses, Gloire-de-Dijon, is in many places already in full bloom.

Work for the Week.

Continue to put out bedding plants of all kinds as fast as possible, and see that none of them want for water at the roots should the weather prove dry. The evening is the best time for watering, whether indoors or out, in fine weather at this season, as the plants are then drinking in moisture and refreshment all night, and in the morning are in a condition to withstand the brunt of another day. Plant out dahlias, especially the beautiful and popular cactus-flowered kinds, and place a strong stake at least four feet high to each plant. If slugs are troublesome put plenty of soot, ashes, or lime round the stems. Place neat sticks to carnations, which are rapidly coming into bloom; the ties must not be tight, or the stems will bend and perhaps break as they rise. Stake also and tie hollyhocks, delphinums, and other tall-growing herbaceous plants. Sow seed of such annuals as cornflowers, mignonette, sweet peas, clarkias, annual chrysanthemums, and so forth for late flowering, and thin out those already up until each plant stands clear of its neighbours. Those who never thin out their annuals do not know of what they are capable. Chrysanthemums in pots for autumn flowering should now be pretty well rooted in the 5 in. or 6 in. sizes and be standing on ashes in an open and sunny position out-of-doors. They will need to be transferred to the pots in which they are to flower some time during the month, and if for exhibition purposes the earlier the better; but if dwarf plants are desired, cutting them down remorselessly to within six inches of the soil, and then allowing them to break into growth again, will do no harm whatever, and reduce the ultimate height of the plants by half or a third.

Vegetable Garden.

The earliest-sown rows of such peas as American Wonder, Ringleader, or First Crop, William the First, and Sangster's No. 1 have already set, and are rapidly maturing their pods; and in warm and sheltered spots a few peas may be already fit for the table. Pinching out the points of a row of peas concentrates the strength of the plants in the flowers and pods already formed, and hastens the crop considerably; but, as it naturally shortens the period of bearing, should not be practised too freely. Later-sown rows of the second or main crop kinds are growing rapidly, and, if already staked, will require little further attention until they become fit for use. Late peas should always be much thinner in the rows than early ones, being of a stronger growing nature, so that if they germinate thickly they should be thinned out to not less than 2 in. apart. This applies more particularly to the tall-habited kinds, such as telegraph, telephone, champion of England, and ne-plus-ultra; these vigorous kinds are, when well grown and liberally treated, decidedly more profitable than the dwarf sorts; and wherever there is room for them should receive the preference. The more water and liquid manure peas of all kinds receive at the roots the more prolific and profitable will they be found, and to this end I always advise sowing peas, where the soil is at all shallow, light, or dry, in slight trenches, which can be flooded with water at will. Late peas may be sown for autumn use up to the end of the month, Veitch's perfection, ne-plus-ultra, and scimetar being the best for this purpose. The yield of asparagus is nearly over for the season, and a moderate number of strong growths should be left to mature, in order to maintain the vitality of the plants.

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Plant out vegetable marrows, ridge cucumbers and gourds that were raised under glass, preferably on low mounds or ridges composed mainly of rough turfy soil, leaf mould, and old littery manure. Seeds of the valuable New Zealand spinach may yet be sown in tiny mounds of soil on a piece of deep rich ground in a sunny position. Sow two seeds together at about three feet apart, and when well up pull up the weakest of each pair. Plant out tomatoes either against a sunny wall or fence, or on ridges of soil in the open ground. The soil should not be very rich; but tread it very firmly round the plants.

Fruit Garden.

Strawberries in the open air are looking remarkably well, and have, in most instances, just set their fruit. See that the ground is free from weeds; but these, if any, should be chopped off level with the surface, so as not to disturb the soil, than which nothing more injurious could be done now. In order to keep the fruit clean, it is usual to spread a layer of some light material between and around the plants. For this purpose, straw, grass cuttings, or cocoa-nut fibre may be used; but the best of all materials is nearly fresh tan from a tanyard. It is cheap, easily spread, easily removed, very clean and sweet, and keeps slugs, &c., at a distance. At the same time, some of the best fruit will ripen more quickly and well if a piece of slate or tile is placed beneath them.

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Remove nets or other protection from fruit-trees against walls, and thin out the young shoots of peaches before they become crowded. B. C. R.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN'S EXAMPLE.

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Mrs. Chamberlain, the winsome young wife of the right hon. member for West Birmingham, is credited with a proceeding which redounds to her credit. The London Correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* is our authority for the statement that this intelligent gentlewoman from the States is taking up a very strong, and at the same time a very novel, position in London Society. It is notorious (according to the Correspondent in question) that of late years the tone of conversation, not only between men and women of the "smart" coteries, but between women when talking amongst themselves, has been marked by ideas and expressions which were brought into vogue in Paris by Princess Metternich. Many fashionable American ladies have adopted this habit—as soon as they found it recognised by the class in which they aspired to move. Mrs. Chamberlain has set herself distinctly against this laxity of tone, and it is reported of her that only a few days ago, finding the conversation of the ladies with whom she was having tea not to her liking, she suddenly rose, and without any word of explanation left the room, to the astonishment of her hostess, who was a well-known lady of title.

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A Balloon Picked up at Sea.—The steamship Edith, when off the East Hope buoy, about half-past eight, last Sunday night, picked up a balloon, with car gone and a life-buoy attached to the net, bearing the words "Humane Society, Calais."

The Behring Sea Question.—The United States revenue steamers Bear and Thetis have, a Reuter's telegram from New York, says received sailing orders for the Behring Sea seal fisheries, to which it was previously reported in error that British war-ships had been dispatched.

Our quizzing Artist, who assisted at the opening of the Spanish Exhibition, suggests a new Spanish fashion for the ladies, as the dear creatures are always anxious to adopt male attire as far as possible.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE LONDON SPANISH EXHIBITION.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Let us begin with our little chat about

Dress.

Gowns are supposed to be very plain this summer, but they are so in appearance only; if you examine one of the simplest closely you will find that it is elaborately simple, perhaps, but not plain in any sense of the word. At a garden-party last week I saw a girl-bride in a cotton frock, the very prettiest you can imagine of its kind. I was not surprised to hear it had come from Paris, although it could have been turned out just as well by any really good house in London. It was pale blue, and the skirt, bodice, and sleeves were trimmed with the palest pink; the effect was admirable, and the whole costume was graceful and ladylike in the extreme.

Sashes are very much worn; they may be put on either at the back or a little to one side. I like them at the side myself, for then they do not get crushed by sitting. Watered silk, or *moiré*, looks more effective in a sash than the very soft and easily crushed pongee. The latter is very graceful and pretty; but it gets out of condition in a few days, and looks fit only for the rag-bag. It is better not to buy the very cheap kind unless you are very well off. Remember, it is *rich women only who can afford to buy cheap things.*

A Pretty Garden-Party Gown

is among the graceful and becoming designs illustrated in the last number of the *Lady's Pictorial*, which is so deservedly popular with English-women. We have the privilege to print a small Sketch of this dainty gown, suitable alike for a race-meeting or for a garden-party. It is made in a new shade of pale blue voile, trimmed with point de Venise lace in a delicate mixture of écru and white. The lace covers the front of the bodice entirely, except for some strips of pale blue ribbon, very tastefully arranged down the centre of the front, under a quaint Directoire jabot of cream crêpe lisse. The sleeves are made each with two full puffs, divided by wide bands of point de Venise lace, the lower bands forming the cuffs. The long tablier draperies of the skirt are bordered with lace to correspond. The hat is a smart, wide-brimmed shape, made in closely-drawn cream areophane, the brim being slightly lifted on one side, where a bow of pale blue ribbon rests upon the hair. Messrs. Dickins and Jones, 232, Regent-street, are to be credited with this tasteful design.

I do not think white seems as much worn this summer as it was last season and the Jubilee year. There is nothing prettier than a white gown, except one in delicate cream; but it really is an impossible garment in London unless the wearer can afford to have some three or four in her wardrobe, and to pay large bills to her laundress. There is nothing in the way of dress so odious as a soiled and rumpled white gown. I saw one the other day which could only have been called clean by courtesy. There was a well-defined black line across the shoulders at the back, the bottom of the skirt had a deep "kilting" of London "blacks," and the sash of soft silk, of the fashionable shade of green, was in what is called in Ireland a "wisp"! I think the word explains itself. Better a plain black or grey alpaca, prettily made, than a soiled and tumbled white gown.

The Piquante New Tulle Hat,

sketched from the *Lady's Pictorial*, was fashioned at Mr. Tucker Widgery's establishment. This smart tulle hat is made in a shape which is quite novel, and consisting of folds of apple-green spotted net drawn upon a framework of gold wire. The trimming is composed of sprays of roses and natural-looking foliage. It is, in fine, a hat which would add vivacity to the most charming face.

Sleeves are still worn very high upon the shoulders; some of them are cut on the cross, or the puff on the shoulder is lined at each side, and arranged so as to look like the open wings of a butterfly. The shade of green now known as "Euphrates" is very popular. It is excessively trying to many complexions; but, for all that, women will have it on hats, bonnets, and dress trimmings generally. You will not, perhaps, agree with me, but a black dress looks far better and more elegant without white or coloured frilling round the neck and wrists. Black looks better than anything; you can lighten up the bodice with a bit of coloured ribbon—to match the trimming of your hat or bonnet at the throat; but do not put on white frilling, and if a black gown is very unbecoming, why wear it? We must, you say, if we are in mourning. I hope you will not be shocked to hear that I disapprove of the fashion of wearing mourning, or, rather, of wearing a quantity of crape; and I live in hopes of seeing the custom abolished in England.

MARGUERITE.

King Humbert returned to Rome on Saturday, and met with a very enthusiastic reception.

Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone, whilst on a visit to Lady Wolverton, at Warren House, Coombe, attended Divine service at Kingston-on-Thames parish church on Sunday morning, being accompanied by her Ladyship.

INCIDENTS OF THE TERRIBLE INUNDATION.

The Conemaugh Valley,

which has been the scene of so terrible a disaster, has now been explored. The estimates already published of the loss of life are increased, and it is now believed that 10,000 have perished, of whom 8000 were drowned or burned to death around Johnstown. Several physicians have arrived there, tents have been erected, and hospitals have been opened. In the centre of Johnstown a space of fifty acres has been swept clean. Fifteen hundred houses are gone, including an hotel which had one hundred inmates. Woodvale is literally annihilated; not one building remains. One brick-mill marks the site of the village of Conemaugh. To the inquiry, "Where are the people?" there is no response; they are all dead.

Pathetic Sights.

The incidents of the floods that are being related are noble, pathetic, and exciting. One father swam among the mass of corpses in the deadly stream in order to succour his children. One mother, who had been crushed against a roof by the rising waters, set her seven children afloat through the window on buoyant pieces of furniture. She had scarcely finished her task when the building collapsed, and by the irony of fate she alone survives. In many places small groups of survivors are met with, weeping over the rubbish which has buried, thirty feet deep, the bodies of their parents or brothers and sisters. In the fright several babes were born prematurely, and the mothers have been found dead, with their lips pressed to their infants' lips in a first and final kiss. Children were seen to drown while kneeling in the attitude of prayer.

Houses Collapsing like Egg-shells.

The landlord of the hotel at South Fork Reservoir says;—"When the dam broke the water seemed to leap, scarcely touching the ground, and bounding down the valley. Its front was like a solid wall, 20 ft. high, crashing, roaring, and carrying everything before it. The torrent in front looked dusty; that must have been spray. The houses went down before it, tottered for a moment, and then rose, crushing against one another like egg-shells. It flowed eighteen miles to Johnstown, through narrow, crooked valleys, in less than an hour. The Conemaugh, which was already flooded, rose 36 ft. in five minutes."

The Force of the Current.

Walking up towards Johnstown, a correspondent says:—"The bodies seen were covered with mud. Slimy ooze to several inches depth covered everything. On nearing Johnstown the wreckage became grand and had massive proportions. To show the force of the current, three miles below Johnstown I saw a grand piano lying on the bank, with not a board or a key broken. It must have been lifted on the crest of a wave and laid gently on the bank. In another place were two large iron boilers. They had evidently been treated by the torrent much the same as the piano. Probably 3000 people were scattered in groups along the Pennyslvania Railroad track, and every one of them had a relative lying dead either in the wreckage above, in the river below, or in the still burning furnace."

Drowning Sorrow in Drink.

"Then, rounding the river bend, the fiery furnace blazing above Johnstown Bridge came into view. About fifty barrels of whisky had been washed ashore just below Johnstown, and those who had lost everything sought solace in drink. One man, a clerk named Woodruff, was reeling along, intoxicated, when suddenly, with a frantic shout, he threw himself over the bank into the flood, and would have been carried to death had he not been caught by the persons below. 'Let me die!' he exclaimed, when they rescued him. 'My wife and children are gone; I have no use for my life.' An hour later, I saw Woodruff lying on the ground, entirely overcome by the liquor. He had never drunk before."

A "Seething Mass of Ruin."

"I stood on the bridge and looked into the seething mass of ruin. At one place the blackened body of a babe was seen; in another, fourteen skulls could be counted. Further along the bones became thicker, until at last at one place it seemed as if the concourse of people had been gathered into a bunch and incinerated. At this time, smoke was still rising to a height of 50 ft. It is expected that when it dies down charred bodies will be seen dotting the entire mass of burnt débris."

Rich and Poor Alike.

"Rich and poor were served alike by the terrible disaster. I saw a girl standing with her bare feet on the river bank, clad in a loose petticoat, with a shawl over her head. At first I thought she was an Italian woman, but the face showed I was mistaken. She was the belle of the town, the daughter of a wealthy Johnstown banker. This single petticoat and the shawl were not only all that had been left her, but all that had been saved from the magnificent residence of her father. She had escaped to the hills, not an instant too soon."

Saved at Prayer.

"There is a convent attached to the Catholic Church at Johnstown, and it is alleged that the Mother Superior, happening to look out of the window, saw the raging torrent sweeping down the doomed valley. She at once summoned the nuns into the convent chapel, and there they knelt and prayed for the Divine protection. The torrent burst against the convent and shattered the entire building except the little chapel, in which the nuns knelt in prayer. Not one member of the little community, it is asserted, perished, and the chapel is still standing."

Sir Kirby Green, the British Minister to Morocco, who has been away for a few weeks on leave of absence, returned to Tangier on Sunday afternoon.

Murder near Carlisle.—On Sunday, about eleven o'clock, a woman named Deborah Troughear, housekeeper for her brother, a farmer, near Carlisle, was found to have been outraged and then murdered on the Dalston-road. She was fifty years of age. She was returning from visiting a friend at Hawksdale at the time she was set upon. A man has been apprehended for the crime.

The Royal Review at Aldershott.—Sir Evelyn Wood has published the following general order:—"His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has received the Queen's commands to express her Majesty's entire approbation of the appearance and efficiency of the troops of all arms, including the four battalions of militia, which were inspected by her Majesty at Aldershott."

A Young Lady Drowned in a Well.—Early on Monday morning the body of a young lady, named Kate Cooper, niece of Mr. T. Purrett, farmer, of Someries, near Luton, was recovered from an old well adjoining the farm. The deceased, who was seventeen years of age, resided with Mr. Purrett, and had been subject to fainting fits for some time past. She disappeared on Sunday afternoon, and on search being made her hat was discovered lying beside the top of the well. Steps were at once taken to ascertain if she was in the water, but on account of the foul air lights would not burn, and it was not until three o'clock on Monday morning that a man could go down. The body was then brought up. A book which the deceased had been reading was also found in the well.

THIS WEEK.
ANOTHER MASTERPIECE FROM A MASTER-MIND.
A WEIRD TALE OF PASSION BY HALL CAINE, entitled.

"THE BONDMAN." By the Author of "The Deemster," "A Son of Hagar," "The Shadow of a Crime," &c., COMMENCES PUBLICATION in the

WEEKLY TIMES AND ECHO.

The originality, the strength, the passion, and the power manifested in "The Deemster," "A Son of Hagar," "The Shadow of a Crime," &c., are even excelled in the new work we are about to publish.

The author describes it as "A New Saga," and its old-time, Viking, and heroic origin will be apparent at once on commencing its perusal. Carrying us no further back than the early days of the present century, the author launches us upon the stormy history of an Icelandic family, the men whereof are giants in body, powerful in limb, and uncontrollable in nature; while the women-folk are strong in friendship, passionate in love, and fierce in hatred.

"THE BONDMAN" is a thrilling and realistic story, dealing with the primitive passions. The scenes are laid in Iceland, England, and abroad. Its moral is the vanity of human hatred—that our petty passions are driven like dust before the awful decree, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." The crowning scene will eclipse anything to be found in Mr. Hall Caine's earlier books.

The two chief characters are pilgrims in human misery; they love the same girl; the woof of their lives is a strange mixture of love and hatred—the one the messenger of mercy, the other the apostle of vengeance.

It is all intensely dramatic; and dealing, as it does, with the feelings which lie deep down in every nature, primitive or polished, the new novel should appeal to the sympathies of all.

Hall Caine's new story, THE BONDMAN, will commence publication Saturday, June 1.

WEEKLY TIMES AND ECHO. ONE PENNY.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM? THIS WEEK

Is continued a series of articles in the WEEKLY TIMES AND ECHO, which will be read with universal interest. They are entitled

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW, by J. MORRISON DAVIDSON, Barrister-at-Law, and graphically chronicle the Rise and Progress of Socialism, and describe the principles on which it is founded.

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WHAT IS THIS SHADOW?

THERE is a shadow over all civilisation! What is it? Whence comes it? A plain statement of facts must answer these questions. And our words must be serious—as befits so important a subject. Let us, then, go straight to the point.

First consider this fact: No man lives his allotted life. Most of us die before we have begun to learn what it is to live. Longevity is the fortune of but few; the great mass die a premature death. The reverse ought to be the case, and would be, if nature and true science could have their way.

The length of life ought to be from five to eight times the duration of the period of growth. This is true of all animals. Man's period of growth is about twenty years, and the average length of his life should be one hundred years. Indeed, Haller, who collected a thousand cases of reputed longevity, placed the limit of human life at a little less than two hundred years. What is the appalling conclusion? This: That all who die before they are one hundred years old die prematurely.

Disguise it as we may, we cannot overlook the truth that the race is going downhill. It is not improving; it is degenerating. Proof of this is everywhere present to the man who will open his eyes and look at it. Intellectually and mentally we see decided progress, but not physically. Our schools and colleges cram young minds with information and stimulate them to study, then dismiss them in broken health to die.

Men and women devoid of bodily strength and without vital resistance are the vast majority of our population. A breath of gentle air, a slight draught coming at an unguarded moment, is a messenger of evil to every one of them. A change in the atmosphere gives them neuralgia, or rheumatism, or lets loose the hidden powers of a wasting consumption. Like hot-house plants, we have to be kept under glass. *We dare not enjoy life lest we lose it!*

Is this an overdrawn picture? No; not by a line or a tint. The *Shadow* is infinitely deeper, broader, and darker than any pen can sketch it. Every intelligent person *knows* this to be so. We all live in daily apprehension from it. We understand and feel that disease and death lurk in all the places we inhabit and follow our steps wherever we go. Our fellows and companions are struck down at our side. Yesterday we talked together, both in average health; to-day one out of two is dumb for ever. Yesterday we had wife husband, or child; to-day the circle is irreparably broken.

Insanity is so common as to scarcely excite comment. Institutions for the care and treatment of the insane are numerous and crowded, and thousands of homes contain at least one member suffering from some form and degree of insanity—these unfortunates being a constant source of care, responsibility, and danger to the devoted household.

Whence does this *Shadow* arise? The answer is plain. It arises from the prevalence of indigestion and dyspepsia.

For example, how many there are who suffer from feelings like these:—Their food does not agree with them. They can hardly keep anything on their stomachs—even things that are said to be the easiest to digest. They have a sour stomach, and a sense of fullness and deadness after eating; headache, dizziness, foul breath, and often lie awake most of the night, and when they do sleep are troubled with bad dreams. Besides this, they are nervous, restless, and fidgety, and have no ambition for labour or exertion of any kind. The mind is weak, too, and it is hard for them to "remember anything." From time to time they will have palpitation of the heart and difficulty to breathe, so it seems as if they would suffocate. There is a bad taste in the mouth and a sort of slime on the teeth, and a dark coat on the middle and back part of the tongue. The nerves are all out of tune, and the least sudden noise or unpleasant news upsets them and makes them depressed and irritable.

The remedy for this dangerous condition is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It imparts tone and strength to the weak stomach and bowels, promotes the flow of the gastric juice, and enables the blood to take the nutritious elements from the food and convey them to all parts of the body. Two or three bottles have effected a cure after the disease had reached an advanced stage, and it never fails to act beneficially when used according to the directions. It expels all foul humours from the system and restores the energies of health. Resort to Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup at the first appearance of any of the above symptoms.

Mr. I. H. Evans, Chemist, Lymm, Cheshire, says:—"I herewith send you a testimonial from a person whose wife had long been seriously ill and given up all hopes of recovery. She is now well, through the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup."

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Gainsford	Galloway	Gane	Gardiner	Gay	Gibb	Gibbons	Gill	Gledhill	Godby	Godfrey	Gomm	Goodall	Goodwin	Grant
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